

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

No. 3790. Vol. 145.

16 June 1928

[REGISTERED AS
A NEWSPAPER]

6d.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—The Subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW is 30s. per annum, post free. Cheques should be sent to the publisher at the above address. The paper is despatched in time to reach Subscribers by the first post every Saturday.

NOTES OF THE WEEK

AS we go to press the fate of the Prayer Book Measure still hangs in the balance. We write before Parliament's decision words to be read after its decision. In such circumstances little can be said. A leading article dealing with the historical aspect of Protestantism appears on another page; nothing more can be profitably written about the actual controversy until the result of it is known. What we can do and must do is to plead as eloquently as we know how that whatever the result the winning side will avoid undue jubilation. We do not want any spiritual mafficking. And beyond that, everyone interested will hope that, in the event of the Measure being rejected, nothing will be said or done precipitately by the defeated. The issues raised by defeat will be so grave that they will demand the most careful and cautious deliberation.

There has been some idea that M.P.s voting for the Measure—particularly those representing northern constituencies—will feel the draught at the General Election. It was suggested that the Government would suffer through its head wind-

ing up the debate in favour of the Book. It would indeed be an irony were Mr. Lloyd George to profit at the next election as the result of Mr. Baldwin's honesty now, and to come back as the champion of Protestantism. Fortunately, this is quite unlikely to happen. The country is intensely interested in the Prayer Book, but there is no prospect of a political turn-over on a large scale being caused by the attitude of the Commons. There may be isolated instances in constituencies where Nonconformity or Orangery is strong; but for the most part Members who voted for the Measure can sleep just as easily in their beds on this account as those who voted against it.

It is now certain that Captain FitzRoy will be chosen by the House as Speaker in succession to Mr. Whitley. Since we wrote last week it became known that Sir Thomas Inskip did not wish his name to be considered, and though considerable pressure was put upon him by the Prime Minister his decision remained unchanged. Captain FitzRoy has had ample experience as Deputy Chairman and is well fitted for the Chair. Both Liberal and Labour parties will accept his nomination, though the Socialists



MOTOR—WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION ACT—FIRE—etc.

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wish to reserve the right to nominate another candidate should they desire to do so when the next Parliament is elected. It is expected that Mr. Dennis Herbert, who has had considerable experience as a temporary Chairman of the House of Commons, will be appointed to the position of Deputy Chairman made vacant by Captain FitzRoy's "promotion." Mr. Hope is likely to continue as Chairman of Committees and Deputy Speaker.

It is still impossible to make any comment on the Savidge case enquiry. The tribunal concluded its hearing of evidence on Wednesday and is now engaged on its report, which is expected in about a week. In its earlier stages the enquiry which had been instituted to investigate the conduct of the police threatened to resolve itself into investigation of the conduct of Miss Savidge. Whether or not some of the questions put to Miss Savidge in the course of cross-examination by counsel for the police were relevant or should have been permitted it is not for us now to say, though in general it seems unfair that a person giving evidence of the conduct of a third party should be subjected to searching enquiry into his or her own private affairs over a long period of time. The enquiry, however, before the close did elicit all the facts and allegations relevant to the issue and an interesting report should follow. After it will come the wider enquiry which the Government have promised. On the subject with which this is to deal some pertinent remarks were made recently by Judge Atherley-Jones. In his position Judge Atherley-Jones obviously knows what he is talking about, and his remarks command attention even though he did not say anything the ordinary citizen does not know or suspect. He drew attention, incidentally, to the Report on the Major Murray case, in which it was stated that the evidence of the police constable concerned was "recklessly inaccurate." Is the evidence of this enquiry not to be published?

The duels between Mr. Churchill and Mr. Lloyd George that have enlivened more than one recent debate in the House have a certain personal piquancy. The strength and constructiveness of this year's Budget have marked out the Chancellor as the strongest man in his party and, after Mr. Baldwin, the biggest political asset. He is easily the most dynamic figure in the Government, and as such it is natural that he should find himself immediately opposed to the versatile and volatile Liberal leader, who in his turn is the most dynamic personality on the Opposition benches. These two have a picturesqueness that appeals to the popular imagination, and when politics are dull—as they are at present—the populace looks to individuals for colour. Mr. Baldwin, by the way, will do well to bear this in mind when he comes (if he does come) to form a new Government after the General Election. The British public treats its politics, like everything else, as a sport, and what it likes is a change of bowling. When he chooses his next team the Captain should give caps to some of the younger men. Otherwise Westminster will continue to seem like a dull day at Lord's.

The President of the Board of Trade's survey of the trade position was an optimistic performance. It showed a slow but steady improvement and pointed the way to more gratifying favours to come. There is satisfaction in the knowledge that Empire markets are widening; the lesson of standardization, on which the President insisted, must be more generally learnt and applied if full value is to be extracted in these markets. Sir Philip also pleaded for an extension of combined selling agencies. There can be no doubt that he is right. A marked development on these lines in the last few years has been conspicuously successful; along them runs the path of recovery from our industrial depression. The coal trade is already benefiting thereby, steel has done so, cotton should follow. There are certain potential dangers to the consumer in the tendency, but so long as supply exceeds demand these will remain potential.

An incidental fact thrown up by this debate which has not had the attention it deserves is the steady improvement in the home market. When we talk of British trade depression, though certainly it is bad enough, we are apt to forget that there has been an increase both in imports and in home production as compared with 1913. A considerable part of this increase is directly attributable to the large extension of social services which has been carried through in recent years. Insurance of workers has in this sense proved to be also an insurance of trade. The more of the population that are secured above the poverty line the greater becomes the purchasing power of the community. This is an axiom that is not always remembered. Industry pays high taxes to finance State schemes, but some at least of it comes back in increased demand.

It is an impressive fact that the League of Nations Council, which according to the Covenant is supposed to meet "at least once a year," has held fifty sessions in eight and a half years. But the fiftieth session, which finished on Saturday last, was not an encouraging one. In the Polish-Lithuanian and Hungaro-Rumanian disputes the members of the Council have been weak and undecided, and the Italian attack delivered on the last day on the proposed new work of the Economic Organization helped to confirm the impression that certain governments, including the British, only support international co-operation half-heartedly. In the past it has been generally recognized that the League Secretariat was an admirable body; it is significant that several of its members, who sacrificed far more lucrative posts for the sake of an idea, have drifted away from Geneva and are being replaced by professional diplomats who care little for the future of the League, and are not personally handicapped by the lack of promotion or of a pension at the end of their service.

The Germans take their political crises very calmly these days. Although the general elections took place a month ago, it was only on Tuesday last that Dr. Marx's Cabinet resigned. It is a strange but significant turn of fortune which com-

pels President Hindenburg to ask Herr Hermann Müller, the Socialist who signed the Treaty of Versailles, to form the new ministry. The Socialist Party is easily the strongest in the new Reichstag, but it cannot rule alone; Herr Müller hopes to form a "Grand Coalition," including the Centre, Democratic and People's Parties. There is little doubt that after a good deal of not very edifying bargaining this new coalition will come into existence. It should be more representative of German opinion than any government which has preceded it, and it should be useful to Herr Stresemann in carrying out his European policy.

The idea that Germany is paying little or nothing in reparations is still so widespread that the reports by Mr. Parker Gilbert, the Agent-General for Reparations, deserve publicity. In September next the provisional period of gradually ascending payments will come to an end; thereafter Berlin will be expected to produce £125,000,000 per annum. It says much both for the work of those who drew up the Dawes Plan and for the steadiness of the German people that this large figure has been reached without gravely hindering the country's financial recovery. It is ridiculous that the total figure of reparations should still be unsettled. M. Poincaré has now very wisely decided to stabilize the franc, but there can be no real financial stability in Europe while one country, a useful and respected member of the League of Nations, is burdened with an indefinitely large debt towards her colleagues.

Discussions between the Governments of France and the United States have now, it is alleged, resulted in almost entire agreement as to the text of the treaty to outlaw war, and Washington is hoping that the treaty will be signed on American Independence Day, July 4, or on the French National Fête Day, July 14. The desire to bring negotiations to a successful end is much greater in America than in France. Already thousands of political bosses and their enthusiastic and noisy supporters have met in Kansas City to choose the Republican candidate for the Presidency, and before the end of the month the Democrats will give us a similar exhibition of what democracy means to the United States. With so much else to occupy attention it would be unreasonable to expect interest in the Peace Pact to be maintained. We can understand Mr. Kellogg's haste. It is now highly probable that Mr. Hoover will be the next President, and we see small reason for believing that he will share Mr. Coolidge's enthusiasm for the Pact.

It is impossible to write confidently of happenings in China, where circumstances change from hour to hour. Owing mainly to the Japanese refusal to allow him to cross the Tsinanfu-Tsingtao Railway, General Chiang Kai-shek has been a bad third in the race to Peking and has in consequence relinquished his military command. Feng Yu-hsiang has behaved in his usual way by arresting the garrison in Peking, whose liberty had been guaranteed by the Nationalists. He also shows little readiness to relinquish Peking, which has been allotted by Nanking to his competitor in

the race, Yen Hsi-shan. A crisis between these two leaders may possibly be avoided by the Nationalist expedient of moving the capital from Peking to Nanking: Peking without ministries and the money which flows into them would be a poor prize. With Chiang Kai-shek's withdrawal from the military field the Nanking Government have lost much of their power; but they remain the best of a poor lot, and Japan, for one, will probably waste no time in recognizing them as the Government of China.

In the last few weeks there has been an acute intensification of the "small car" war. For some time past the Austin Motor Company has held a monopoly in this field with the popular Austin Seven. Recently it was announced that the Morris Company will shortly place on the market a car of similar size and slightly lower price. Then came the news that the Clyno Company have a small car ready, and now Mr. S. F. Edge announces that he has in preparation an even lighter and cheaper model. One result of this new move must inevitably be to reduce the speed of motoring, not merely because it will put more cars on the road but because the maximum speed of small cars is low. It has been reported of one of the new models now under construction that it will be capable of a maximum speed of thirty-five miles per hour. This means a touring speed of something under thirty, which in its turn means an average speed per hour of probably half this—say fourteen or fifteen miles per hour. This will entail either a slowing down of week-end traffic to the speed of the slowest unit in the stream or alternatively a marked increase of "cutting in." In either event the prospect is not alluring.

The West Indian cricketers have not perhaps yet come up to expectations and those who attend the Test Trial to-day are likely to be thinking more of Australia next winter than of the impending games with the West Indies this summer. But it is impossible to contemplate the teams chosen for England and the Rest without wishing that we had ourselves a player like the West Indian Constantine, who is equally capable of pulling a game out of the fire by his batting and, on occasion, of going through a side with his bowling. Time was when we had at least five men of this type at once—F. S. Jackson, B. J. T. Bosanquet, Hirst, Braund, Arnold. We seem not to be able to breed them nowadays. F. R. Foster was, perhaps, the last of the great line and the nearest modern equivalent is Mr. V. W. C. Jupp. Such men are the backbone of great cricket, and a side that can put two or three of them into the field is at a great advantage as compared with one consisting of five good bats, five good bowlers and a wicketkeeper. The bats and the bowlers may all strike a bad day, but the all-rounder rarely fails all round. There is some hope for the future in Hammond's development as a bowler and if he goes on as he has been going he may supply the backbone that we lack. But, apart from him and Mr. Jupp, the all-rounders in the twenty-two who are to meet to-day are good bats and useful bowlers or good bowlers and useful bats—sound men to have in a county team but not impressive for international occasions.

WHAT IS PROTESTANTISM?

WE write before the division on the revised Prayer Book Measure: comment which will not appear until after its result is known must necessarily be in the most general terms. An enquiry very pertinent to these debates is exactly what we mean by Protestantism. For the Prayer Book Measure was put forward primarily in the interests of Church discipline, and it is common ground with both promoters and critics that the Measure is good or bad according as it promotes or compromises the Protestant character of the Church.

It was apparently assumed in the debates both by critics and promoters that the tests of Protestantism are doctrinal. But is that a just assumption? Even if all the charges of doctrinal heresy brought by the critics against the Measure were justified, would that necessarily impugn its Protestant character? The Solicitor-General, in opening the case for the Measure, asked what were the principal changes made in our religious life by the Reformation, and answered his question by singling out two, neither of which was doctrinal. The first was divine service in the English language and not in international Latin. The second was the definite repudiation of the authority of Rome over religious beliefs and practice. The truth is, the Orangeman who is always saying "To Hell with the Pope" shows a far truer knowledge of the essence of Protestantism than those who nicely weigh the doctrinal differences between Rome and Canterbury. There might be no differences between the two in doctrine or in practice, but if Canterbury repudiated the authority of Rome, the Church of England would be a Protestant Church. English Protestantism, in fact, is Nationalism in religion, and the repudiation of authority resident outside the jurisdiction of the English Crown. No doubt this nationalism is associated with differences in doctrine and practice, but these are, after all, the external signs or tokens of independence, like a national flag. The substance of English Protestantism lies in national self-determination in matters of religious creed and practice.

The critics then are entirely wrong who make doctrinal differences the test of Protestantism. A strange concatenation of historical events has tended to identify Protestantism with patriotism, and certain variations of religious practice with our accepted philosophy of liberty in political affairs. The early Norman kings were constantly protestant against Rome because her authority obstructed their ambition for national unity under their central authority. The Statutes of Præmunire were an early vindication of insular nationalism against an international authority. When the separation came from Rome, the reasons were in the main political, and had nothing to do with doctrine. It was a time when our national self-consciousness was beginning to gather force, and one form which this national pride took was to side with the English king against the authority of Rome. The Armada and the quarrel with Spain confirmed this association between patriotic sentiment and the Protestant

religion. Under the Stuarts Protestantism became similarly identified with the cause of political liberty, and it was politics rather than religious doctrine that at the Whig Revolution of 1688 insisted that no one could be King in England unless he were a Protestant. It is these events burnt into the historical consciousness of our people that have made Protestantism the militant and vital force that it is. The tests, therefore, of Protestantism in this country are not to be found in doctrine, but in the effect that any measure will have on the national character of the Church. And that, surely, is the answer to the question, repeatedly asked in the course of debate, how a new and alternative Prayer Book will help the bishops to maintain discipline. For the essence of a national Church is its comprehensiveness, and it must constantly be broadening the basis of its appeal if it is to maintain its national character. Without that it must promote dissent or drive to Rome.

We are not to suppose that the doctrinal basis of a national Church can for ever remain fixed in the terms of the old doctrinal differences with Rome. The spiritual truths of religion are eternal, but its forms are as subject to change as are those of politics. The separation from Rome was a vindication of national freedom from external authority, but the conception of religious freedom must be constantly extended like that of political freedom. Thus, a greater liberty of the individual conscience must be one of the marks of a national and Protestant Church, and, on the other hand, the more fixed the doctrine and practice become, the more they approximate to Papacy. The doctrinal differences of which so much has been heard in the last few days are, after all, variations in the metaphysical statement of religious truth: but the advance of science has brought new forms of truth, and an ideal Prayer Book would seek to express them so that no contacts might be missed between the mind of the modern world and its continued reaching forth of its hands towards the divine.

If it were objected to the new Prayer Book not that it gives too much latitude but that it does not give enough, not that it makes concessions to some forms of religious aspiration but it does not include enough, that would be legitimate criticism. But it is to belittle the soul of Anglicanism to argue as though its religious expression must not be independent but always stand in some fixed relationship to that of Rome, like a moon in the orbit of the sun. One might as well insist on continuing to discuss our politics to-day in the terms of the second half of the fifteenth century. Change and progress in its forms are the pith and marrow of Protestantism.

To emphasize the nationalist character of the English Church is not to set up a tribal God, for the debates of the last week have been concerned not with the ultimate truths of religious life but only with their expression in the forms of government and of ritual. In international politics a man who believes in the League of Nations is not on that account a less good Englishman; and, similarly, while the Anglican is jealous of the national independence of his Church, that does not mean that he is hostile to other Churches. The union of Christendom is an ideal to which every good

Protestant may loyally aspire. Moreover, there are forms of union which leave independence of the parts completely unimpaired. The just criticism of Anglo-Catholics is not that they indulge these aspirations of union but that they drop the substance for the shadow. For a national English Church the first object to be attained should rather be the union of the churches in England, and the elimination of the wastefulness of dissent. A variant of the Prayer Book for use in Nonconformist churches would be a valuable contribution to this unity, and it may be made before long. But that does not lessen the value of the present variant, which seeks to prevent defection from within the Church and to promote the true Catholicity of the Church of England.

MORE ABOUT HOTELS

AMONG the Letters to the Editor in this issue will be found one in reply to our leading article of a fortnight ago on bad English hotels. The writer of the letter is connected with hotels in London and the provinces. He blithely accuses us of publishing libels and complains of the "perpetual effort of English journalism to kill the 'Come to Britain' movement and ruin their own country by belittling everything that is English," a conspiracy of which we, in company with most journalists, have up till now curiously been kept in ignorance. By criticizing English hotels we are not trying to kill the "Come to Britain" movement; we are trying to help it. The bad hotels are doing the killing. We are not impressed by the application to the hotel business of the system invented by Dr. Coué, whereby a bad thing is alleged to become good through frequent and vociferous insistence on its goodness.

We are not so foolish as to suggest that there are no good hotels in England; there are many, though our correspondent was singularly fortunate, on the two tours to which he refers, in finding "excellent accommodation everywhere." Nobody wants "a Ritz Hotel at nothing a time in every country village." The trouble is that one too often finds an attempt to ape Ritz standards and a more successful attempt to ape Ritz prices at establishments which would be a great deal more pleasant if they were a great deal less pretentious. At small hotels and inns what the wayfarer wants is good plain English food, well-cooked and served at a reasonable price. He does not want, what he too often gets, a mock Continental meal at twice the proper cost. Since we last wrote we have learned of an authenticated case in which a visitor to a well-known country hotel some twenty miles out of London ordered tea for two and was charged ten shillings. Very properly he proffered two shillings and his card, and invited the management to take such further steps as should seem fit to them. He has heard no more. It would be ridiculous to suggest that this impudent example is a typical one, but it is worth mention because it shows to what lengths of extortion the English hotel-keeper can go if he applies himself.

Highway robbery on a less spectacular scale is frequent. The public themselves are probably as much to blame as anybody. Many of them are diffident of making complaint; others—a large class—positively enjoy high prices and pretentiousness. These are the *nouveaux riches* who make it so hard not only in the matter of hotels but in all sorts of ways for the less opulent but more discriminating to get honest value for money. By these the hotel-keeper is encouraged to persevere in sin. But the rapid enlargement of the motoring class is bringing more people of small means on to the roads, and as their numbers swell so, we must hope, will the volume of opposition to roadside inefficiency and extortion.

If hotel keepers, as our correspondent suggests, are not doing well, many of them need look no further than their own establishments for the cause. While some of them, as we have said, are too enterprising by half, others are quite stupidly unenterprising. Does our correspondent know that some inns bluntly refuse to serve food at all; that others, when closed for "drinks," keep their doors bolted and barred against the innocent seeker after tea—an action which, incidentally, is illegal? Last Sunday, at a wayside inn on a busy main road, a visitor called for tea: a sign advertising teas was prominently displayed. What did he find? The bread was like linoleum, the cakes appeared to have been quarried from some local granite-pit, and the tea, of a rich chestnut hue, had a tang about it which announced unmistakably that its acquaintance with the teapot dated from considerably earlier than his arrival. A small matter perhaps, but typical and indefensible. At more elaborate hotels one constantly meets with inefficiency which would shock the smallest inn-keeper of France. An instance has recently come to our notice of a hotel wine-list on which all the clarets were priced at five shillings and all the burgundies at seven and six, irrespective of merit; and of another on which, under the heading "French Burgundies," the first item was an Empire brand. An hour or two spent with a half-crown book on wines would have taught the managers of these establishments to avoid the more elementary of their mistakes.

Our correspondent's suggestion that warming-pans are more suitable than ice represents precisely the kind of attitude we complain of. How can large supplies of perishable food be kept in decent condition without ice during even an English summer? But it takes a little trouble to get ice, so tinned salmon will do instead of fresh. It is fair comment on our correspondent's letter to reveal that his telephone number was referred to on his notepaper as "Nat. Tel." It is of course his business, not ours, whether in the course of the fifteen years that have passed since the National Telephone Company was taken over by the State he might have thought it worth his while to make a trifling alteration to his notepaper; but the matter is not without interest as affording an example of how easy it is to slip behind the times.

Far from wishing to injure the "Come to Britain" movement we only wish we knew of some effective plan for helping the hotels to encourage it. As a small beginning we propose

to publish from time to time the names of hotels and inns which we can guarantee from personal experience to be good. Naturally it will not be anything like an exhaustive list, and it will be compiled quite at haphazard. The law of libel prevents us from publishing a similar list of hotels that are bad.

THE COMEDY OF WESTMINSTER

House of Commons, Thursday

I HAVE to write these notes before the end of the Prayer Book debate, though the result will be known to those who read them. As I write, the issue is still very doubtful, and the suspense is likely to be maintained until the last moment. The most important speakers have reserved themselves until to-day; nevertheless, the high standard set on the last occasion has not suffered. It is obvious that members have not neglected to study the subject in the interval: there is certainly a clearer appreciation of the facts and the issues. The supporters of the Measure have considerably improved the presentation of their case. Sir Boyd Merriman was a good choice for mover; he has an attractive personality and puts his arguments clearly and fairly. Sir Samuel Roberts, who followed him and opened for the opposition, occasionally allowed emotion to master his lucidity.

Lady Iveagh, who made her maiden speech on the occasion of the Measure's defeat last year, showed how much oratory is a matter of confidence and practice by greatly improving on what was even then an effective performance. She had a difficult task in following Sir Archibald Boyd-Carpenter, who, though his health rarely permits him to intervene, is one of the best speakers in the House, and his appeal against the new Book was probably the most telling of the day for his side. As a recent convert from support of the Measure, Sir W. Greaves-Lord would have done better to have been rather less vehement. The Duchess of Atholl, appealing particularly to Scottish members to vote for the new Book, was one of the few speakers to produce fresh arguments. It seemed doubtful whether Mr. Rosslyn Mitchell's anti-Papist fervour, though expressed as eloquently as ever, carried the same conviction as last year. Mr. Ammon, as a member of the Ecclesiastical Committee and a Nonconformist supporter of the Measure, closed the discussion for the day with a speech of weight and sincerity which more members ought to have remained to hear.

The series of debates on the rates relief scheme, which ended on Thursday, contributed to the development of an increasingly interesting situation and, by the revival of single combat, infused controversy with new life. Mr. Churchill showed his confidence in the Government's policy by throwing a personal challenge to all comers. A man of many parts, he has now distinguished himself as Horatius. The only sad thing for him is that while he can persuade himself that he is the incarnation of those whom he personates, the applause is sometimes rather for the actor than the man. When one fancies oneself a dragonfly it is hard to be called bluebottle. The somewhat puritanical distaste for gasconade which prompted Lord Hugh Cecil's sally is shared by Mr. Snowden, who is, perhaps, too much of a wasp himself to indulge in entomological similes, and who, in any case, is seldom concerned to turn the edge of his ruthless directness with wit. But the duel which really promises entertainment is

that between Mr. Churchill and Mr. Lloyd George. It is not based on inherent and almost moral incompatibilities: it is the struggle of two able and well-matched political technicians, who happen to be on opposite sides. The taunts they exchange anger but do not wound. It is well that the Conservative Party should have someone who can meet Mr. Lloyd George on his own ground, and to deck serious controversy with the colours of a sporting event will certainly stimulate public attention.

The election is near enough for parties to be choosing their ground. The Government, by taking the initiative, have forced their opponents to conform to a strategy which makes rating reform the pivot of operations. The Opposition have got to make an issue to fight on. They must also be ready with a counter-attack. The Liberal difficulty is to show that their many-coloured volumes of research really contain anything substantially different from the Government's proposals. The Labour Party are only slowly and with some evidence of improvisation finding an interpretation of the Conservative policy which they can link on to the main Socialist thesis. Mr. Snowden's very artificial contention that the burden of rates does not pertain to them "as such," but to their inequitable incidence, was made simply in order that he might argue that the Government were increasing the inequity by relieving the capitalist at the expense of the worker. By comparing the proposed relief with the charges on industry from mining royalties and debenture interest Labour speakers tried to show how much greater would be the benefit to industry from a change of economic system. Finally, they revealed their conception of equity by advocating the rating of site values and the transfer of the burden to the "parasitic" landlord.

Mr. Greenwood's task on Thursday was to correct, for the benefit of the House of Commons, the idea that Labour thought rates were no burden on the producer, while leaving untouched the impression meant to be created on the distributor, shopkeeper and householder by a line of thought which takes just this statement for its starting point. The duplicity of this procedure was sharply exposed in debate. It may be less obvious to the casual observer outside, but the Labour Party have been forced to show their hand at such an early stage that there should be plenty of time to counteract misapprehension.

Mr. Lloyd George, with more tactical discretion, is still holding his hand. He stands to profit not only by any errors of the Government but also by those of the Labour Party. A great show of criticism, again more effective on the platform than in the House, has been directed at detail rather than principle. He can safely risk the misrepresentation of a scheme which is not yet fully unfolded and at the same time abuse the Government for secretiveness. Nothing has irritated the Opposition more than their ignorance of the strength and disposition of the Government's reserves. They are forced to waste ammunition on a number of targets while the Government are free to adjust their plans according to the observed effect. Mr. Lloyd George puts forward the suggestion, as per "Yellow Book," of taking over out-relief as a national charge in order to provide easy, instantaneous and adequate relief in proportion to need and within the compass of existing financial resources. The Conservative authors of 'Industry and the State,' who advanced the same view, have been twitted accordingly, but then they have not the same objection to accepting a better scheme because it is not their own.

FIRST CITIZEN

THE PRESIDENTIAL CONVENTIONS

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT]

HOLDING conventions is the great American game. The Rotary and Kiwanis Clubs are sufficient evidence of this gregarious instinct. Once every four years it is brought to its highest flower, like a modified Century plant, when the two great political parties, each represented by more than 2,000 delegates and alternates, assemble in June of each presidential year, parade, shout, sweat, quarrel, and finally give birth to a platform and a candidate.

The labour of the Elephant—the popular representation of the Republican Party—promised to be more painful this year than that of the Donkey—the Democratic Party. Probably never again will a party go through such an agonizing experience as the Democrats, who sweated blood during sixteen withering days in New York four years ago when they took 103 ballots to nominate John W. Davis, former Ambassador to Great Britain. The more important of the two conventions began on June 12 in Kansas City, Missouri. The Republican convention is more important, because its nominee will in all probability be America's next president. The Democrats meet on June 26 in Houston, Texas.

The leading candidates arrive to take up their headquarters in luxurious hotel suites shortly before the convention opens, and the populace turns out to give them a tremendous welcome. Posters, buttons, and literature, all bearing their likenesses, flood the city. Gradually the hundreds of delegates and alternates, the thousands of prominent people and visitors from all over the country descend upon the city, which (having been the successful bidder) is given over to fulfilling (at, of course, a suitable price) their every wish.

Promptly at eleven o'clock on the Tuesday morning the temporary chairman calls the convention to order. Rows upon rows of delegates sit under their respective State standards on the floor of the hall, and thousands of spectators gather on the sides and in the galleries. Loud speakers throw the temporary chairman's important "key-note" speech to all corners of the hall and radio sends it throughout the country. Then the convention chooses a permanent chairman, and committees meet, wrangle, and prepare the "platform" or creed. Often a minority report is presented and the convention has to choose and endorse a "platform."

At length by the third or fourth day's session, the great moment for which everyone is waiting arrives. "The next business is the nomination of candidates," declares the Chairman, and the assembly shrieks its welcome. The roll-call of States begins: Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, and so on down to Wyoming and the dependencies. One State will yield to another, as in 1920, when Arizona yielded to Kansas, which placed General Leonard Wood in nomination. A distinguished politician rises and in a short speech touches upon all the virtues and qualifications of his candidate "for this highest office in the gift of the American people"; he cleverly avoids mentioning his name until the last sentence. Various sections of the delegates and spectators go wild. Flags and feathers drop from the roof; whistles, tom-toms, horns, pounding of iron buckets, shouts, and cheers fill the hall. A parade begins with intent to impress the delegates and "stampede" the convention for their candidate. In 1920 General Wood was cheered for thirty-eight minutes and ex-Governor Frank O. Lowden for forty-five minutes. Each candidate whose name is placed before the convention receives two or three very brief seconding speeches.

The balloting starts at last. The death struggle of the candidates has begun. "Alabama," the roll-call runs. "Alabama casts her sixteen votes for —,"

is the reply. Cheers greet each State's announcement. The ballot ends without a choice, after the first show of strength, and the real fight begins. Coolidge "went over" almost unanimously on the first ballot four years ago, but it took ten ballots to put Harding across in 1920. This year Mr. Hoover has an easy passage.

The roll call continues; shrieks follow any decided change in a State's vote. The crowd of spectators and delegates gets hot, restless, and excited. The day may end with no indication of the eventual choice. In the Democratic convention four years ago, where a two-thirds vote and not a bare majority is necessary, McAdoo and Al. Smith were deadlocked for ten days. Frantic conferences between the State leaders; the powers gather in secret conclave. At last a few pivotal States shift their votes to one candidate, who is, perhaps, a "dark horse." At the end of the ballot he has gained tremendously. Shrieks from the crowd, which is almost beside itself; the "break" has come. As the next ballot begins the State delegations hasten to "climb on the band wagon" with the winner. When the deciding State casts its vote, pandemonium breaks loose. The vote is made unanimous, and almost as an afterthought the convention quickly nominates a vice-president, and hastens to adjourn *sine die*.

A President has been chosen! Now for the campaign.

THE BOOM OF YOUTH

BY M. C. HENRIQUES

THE production in London of a play dealing with school-life has stimulated the interest we feel as parents in the way boys are handled at school in general, and especially at public schools. There was a time when the Press was full of attacks on the public-school system. This spirit of discontent has died down, and for a good reason. The old reformers are satisfied. Within the last ten years almost all the disadvantages of which they complained have been removed. A new method of training the young has been introduced, and the public schools of to-day could hardly be recognized by the critics who condemned them so bitterly twenty years ago.

This makes it somewhat remarkable to find people still deploring the imaginary harsh measures endured by the youth of the present. There seems to be a "school of thought" which harks back to the bad old times when a boy was sent away from home to be "toughened up," to "learn to stand on his own feet." These sympathetic souls will be glad to know that their pity is wasted. They can be happy now. The sensitive schoolboy is no longer a butt and a scapegoat. Those who have watched the schools can assure the sentimentalists that the pendulum has swung quite an alarming distance in the opposite direction.

Of course there are drawbacks attached to life in groups which no skill or enthusiasm can alter. The highly strung nature is bound to suffer from contact with coarser, meaner spirits. But this will happen to him all his life, not only at school. Even the lack of privacy to which schoolboys used to be condemned, and which was certainly painful to the thoughtful type of boy, has been largely countered by the study system. In many schools quite young boys have studies, and the studies of exalted persons, such as prefects, are veritable strongholds to which their owners can retire when they do not wish to be disturbed. The prefect is a very great man indeed, and few people, including his house-master, would dream of intruding on him uninvited, still less of abolishing an old rule or making a new one without the co-operation of the head of the house, and his

ministers the Sixths. The species of brow-beating inflicted by the old-fashioned schoolmasters is unthinkable nowadays. If a modern house-master were to find one of his pupils writing poetry, he would probably beg as a favour for a glimpse of the golden lines and, having read them, he would be quite likely to run off to the head master with the news that he and the house had been harbouring genius unawares.

It should not be difficult to keep abreast of modern education, for this country bristles with schools. Lately we have been faced with a new kind of school, the pre-preparatory school, which rescues boys between the ages of seven and ten from the stifling, distorting influence of home. To-day only the sons of the poor are allowed to grow up in the oppressive surroundings of family life, in which doors must sometimes be shut, and substances such as ink and jam cannot be used in battle. For this is the age of the cult of youth. The child is no longer suppressed. He is not a victim, he is a fetish. His immaturity is worshipped, his ignorance is adored. He is sacred, and rightly, so long as he is safe from meddling as well as from suppression, for it must be better to be misunderstood than to be dissected, to be ignored than to be continually analysed. We are so feverishly anxious to understand children that children are beginning to try to understand themselves, to take a conscious interest in their own little personalities, and this comes out in style. The modern school-boy gets himself up like a young poet, with his flannel shirt open at the neck to show a young throat, and his small cap set back among luxuriant curls. Schools are places for the study of the young rather than for causing the young to study, and schoolmasters are children's specialists, whose "reports" are serious essays on the character and temperament of their charges. Perhaps they are intended as guides to the blundering and ignorant parent, who might outrage his son's delicate nature during the holidays.

But even parents are improving. A lady wished to visit her godson at half-term, and the boy's father motored her, with other friends, down to the school. When they were four miles from their destination the driver stopped, and had all his passengers out on the road, where their clothes were inspected and the ladies advised to straighten hats and powder noses. They were then allowed to get back into the car, and proceeded on their journey. This attitude of mind is not limited to the schools. We all pet the young and inexperienced, for they are full of possibilities. It used to be thought that a certain amount of difficulty, and even opposition, was favourable and stimulating to talent, that a little frost served to weed out feeble shoots and make room for plants of robust growth. This idea is quite discredited, for now the tiniest germ of talent is pounced upon, acclaimed, and, so to speak, cultivated in beef-tea. Everybody is shown everything, in case he might develop a taste for some art, hence our community singing, musical appreciation lessons, children's concerts.

We bristle with continuation schools, educational aid societies, which teach the newly-discovered artist of the slums how to talk to the ladies when he goes to dinner. We have reared so many second-raters, that genius, that rare bird, has hard work to disentangle himself from the crowd of pampered mediocrities. But is this the way to increase the sum of beauty in the world, or do we tend to kill the budding artist with kindness? The hot-house must be bad for many natures. Would the infant Mozart's genius have shone even more gloriously if his garret had been fitted with electric light, and his parents had listened, enraptured, at the keyhole?

But the play to which I have already referred does raise one burning question. It makes us knit our brows more closely over the problem of sexual train-

ing for the young. After all, schoolmasters are a well-meaning race and if they cannot clear up all the work we neglect it is not their fault. They do their best. They are long-suffering, and they are even learning to tolerate the parent, if only as the goose that lays the golden egg. They know that to segregate a large number of adolescents of either sex must cause abuses which they cannot touch. In the play these abuses are emphasized. Stress is laid upon the foolishness of treating young people as children four or five years after their bodies have matured. But people's bodies grow up more quickly than their minds, and some of us never seem to have noticed this. Here is the question. Can we deliver the youth from leading strings before his childish brain has overtaken the physique and instincts which are those of a man? Can we let him go free before his character is sufficiently formed to control his desires? Co-education does not solve the problem. It is an attempt to reduce the desires, but it must often only impose an even greater necessity for restraint upon the natural animal.

What lies at the bottom of the puzzle? The truth is that under the present construction of society we cannot provide for the results of unrestricted intercourse between the newly matured of the sexes. To a large extent unnatural control becomes necessary and must continue. The public schools try to help us in this, as indeed they try to help us all along the line. But they cannot do much. We give them our children to bring up, and they must act upon a policy, for they cannot be subtle when dealing with multitudes. Yesterday they bullied, to-day they pamper, but they can never succeed, for the number they have to deal with is too great, and sex-management in particular is a hundred times more difficult under the new "free" system than it was under the old. To make it work we must have saints and geniuses, not schoolmasters. It is the parents' business to train their children, to teach them sex, and they have given their work into strange hands. Until we arrange our lives and build our houses so that our children can live naturally and happily at home, the abuses must go on, and we are to blame for them, not the schools. What shall we do? Shall we tackle our own work, or shall we loosen all restraint from our schoolboys and school-girls with their children's minds and adult bodies and let come what may?

A LETTER FROM IRELAND

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT]

Dublin, June 12, 1928

STANDISH O'GRADY, who has died, was never a popular author. But he had been at one time a considerable figure in the national life of Ireland, and is still regarded as the father of the Irish literary revival. O'Grady belonged, notwithstanding his name, to Protestant stock, being the son of a clergyman, and, although he was educated in Ireland, he never read a word of Irish history until he reached his twenty-fourth year. "When I was twenty-three years of age," he once wrote, "had anyone told me—and later a professor of Dublin University did tell me—that Brian Boru was a mythical character, I would have believed him." In 1870, during a vacation spent in a country house in the West of Ireland, he accidentally dipped into O'Halloran's 'History of Ireland,' and afterwards on his return to Dublin he studied the translations of old Irish records in the Royal Irish Academy, which so moved his imagination that he published a 'History of Ireland: Heroic Period' at his own expense. This has lately been reprinted in three volumes as a *Cuculain cycle*. Years later he wrote a short "Story" of Ireland from

the time of Milesius to that of Charles Stuart Parnell. It is a delightful little book, blending ironic detachment and political verve with deep affection and a rare generosity of spirit. For his novels O'Grady found material chiefly in the Elizabethan period of Ireland, for which he had a great enthusiasm. The Irish critic and poet, Æ., has described him as "our best storyteller."

O'Grady believed that from the old heroes of the Red Branch "sprang the rude beginnings of chivalry before its beautiful laws began to be understood in the rest of Europe," and that this chivalry "lasted longer in Ireland than in any other country." His heroic and romantic interpretation of legendary Ireland was taken up by others, and to it can be traced important political effects. His conception of myth as prophecy provided Irish nationalist politics with a mysticism which culminated in the Insurrection of 1916. Pearse and his companions of that adventure appeared as re-incarnations of the semi-divine figure of Cúchulain!

It has been thought odd that O'Grady, who also played with Communist notions, was a Unionist in politics and attached great importance to the preservation of the British Empire. This has been attributed by compatriots like Æ. to a contradiction between the outer and inner man, the mythical inner O'Grady being nationalist, the outer and national O'Grady an Imperialist. But why should the British Empire be deemed incapable of rousing mystical sentiments and passions? As a matter of fact O'Grady worked out his political convictions more clearly than most of our other prophets; also he knew his Ireland better. The philosophy of the Gaelic League and of Sinn Féin has been an accommodation between opposite errors; in the assertion that the "common people" because they are racially the most Gaelic element of our population are the true source of Irish nationality, an attempt is made to combine mechanical democracy with a reactionary romanticism. O'Grady, however, did not believe that the devices of the ballot-box could bring the past back to life. In his writings he emphasized all the elements that go to make up our nation, and sought to find a unifying principle among our varying traditions in monarchism. Thus he showed how in Tudor times Ireland sided with the British crown against the native feudal lords, and later on during the English civil wars all Catholic and much of Protestant Ireland identified itself with the royalist cause. The restoration of the ancient Kingdom of Ireland would not have been incompatible with the kind of Unionism which O'Grady preferred. But his imagination was not stirred by the republican ideal, nor by the Free State or Dominion for three-fourths of Ireland which was accepted as its substitute; and in his last years he joined the large number of distinguished Irish writers who live in exile.

Democratic republicanism finds little warrant in Irish traditions, nor has it brought out the best in Irish character; our politicians have not been long in discovering the truth of Hegel's dictum that "the people is that part of the nation which does not know what it wants." All our parties, however, still cling in theory to the mechanical system of democracy. Thus the Government hold that the Treaty of 1921 has been confirmed three times over by the votes of the electorate, a virtual plebiscite. Opponents of the Treaty argue cogently enough that there was here no true or free expression of the national will; England had declared the Treaty to be her limit of concession, and, therefore, a veiled threat lay over the heads of Irish voters in post-Treaty elections. But Mr. De Valera falls into a like mechanical error when he supposes that the national consciousness finally declared itself in some isolated act such as the Insurrection of 1916, or the Sinn Féin election of 1918. The consent which matters, as Renan once said, is a plebiscite of every day, "a silent continuity of action which unites the present to the past in our own interrupted history."

This is the true answer which should have been given to Mr. De Valera's arguments when recently he presented to the Dail a petition of 75,000 voters for a popular referendum on the Questions of the Oath of Allegiance.

Other points are made by Mr. Bolton Waller when he considers the "future of Ireland" in Messrs. Kegan Paul's "To-Day and To-Morrow Series."* Mr. Waller gives special attention to the question of unity between North and South, and to that of the general influence of world affairs on the Irish future. Thus he makes a case for the Free State against the Republic by arguing that in the modern world the small sovereign state is passing away under the pressure of facts; we are entering either into an era of imperialisms or into one of international partnerships. The Republicans assert that Great Britain is the imperialist enemy of small peoples; but if that be so, then Ireland is more secure as a member of the Commonwealth than she would be as a small isolated republic, nominally sovereign. It is interesting, however, to see that Nationalists like Mr. Waller are coming to realize the unsatisfactoriness of Dominion status in its Irish application. "There are many," he writes, "who would prefer the time-honoured description 'Kingdom of Ireland,' and to that we may yet come." The notion of opposing a royalist programme to republicanism seems an obvious one enough. The name "Kingdom of Ireland" would awaken loyalties which the Free State with its tricolour does not touch. Even Ulstermen do not forget that their province has been a part of the Kingdom of Ireland; just now comes the news that the Northern Irish athletes, while refusing to compete in an Irish team at the Olympic games under the tricolour, do not insist on the Union Jack, but have proposed that the Royal Blue flag with the Irish harp should be flown as the All-Ireland symbol.

A LETTER FROM CAMBRIDGE

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT]

June 12, 1928

THE most noticeable of the changes with which May Week visitors were confronted this year were architectural. The new Master's Lodge at Peterhouse and the Kennedy building at King's are already finished, while work has been begun this term on the completion of the new building at Clare. The latter, which was left more or less as a façade having only two short wings turned back at right angles from the main block, is now to be made into a complete court which, when finished, will be more extensive than any in Cambridge with the single exception of the Great Court of Trinity.

Beyond doubt the most interesting architectural question at the moment is the proposed new building for Magdalene. The rapid increase, since the war, in the number of undergraduates entering the college has necessitated, in Magdalene as elsewhere, the strict limitation of the number of terms for which a man may have rooms in College. The governing body accordingly have decided to celebrate their quinqucentenary year by an appeal for funds to supplement the £14,000 left by the late Arthur Benson for the purpose of providing further undergraduate accommodation, and to erect with the proceeds a new court. Plans for the building have been drawn up by Sir Edwin Lutyens and have been published already in *Country Life*. The building is to be erected on a site acquired by the governing body directly opposite that which is occupied by the present college. It is estimated that the proposed

* 'Hibernia, or the Future of Ireland.' By Bolton C. Waller Kegan Paul. 2s. 6d.

new court will cost £60,000 and the object of the appeal therefore is to raise the £46,000 necessary to bring the late Master's bequest up to this figure. The court is to contain twelve staircases and will include accommodation for guests in addition to two sets of Fellows' rooms. The approximate cost of each staircase is put at £5,000, and the governing body are appealing to families whose connexion with Magdalene has been particularly long-standing or intimate to present a staircase, the latter to bear their arms in commemoration of the gift.

Should the appeal succeed in raising the necessary funds the building will be undertaken as soon as possible. It will first of all be necessary, however, to demolish the row of shops which now face Magdalene from the opposite side of Bridge Street, and with them the old fifteenth-century house reputed once to have been of such evil character. At the same time the Borough Council are undertaking the reconstruction of Magdalene bridge and the necessary widening of the road. The final view of the College from the bridge, if the present plans are put into execution, should certainly be impressive.

The Cambridge Preservation Society, which was formed during the Lent Term, have this term issued an appeal for funds. Cambridge, fortunately, is not at present confronted with the dangers such as those which the Oxford Preservation Trust are having to face. The immediate object of the society apparently is to build up an efficient organization. The first necessity in such an organization is the formation of special sub-committees to keep the Executive accurately informed of any intended land sales, demolitions, building proposals, and of any undertaking in the town or neighbourhood which may affect the objects of the society. By the same token there must be a standing committee with funds at its disposal ready to act on the information thus supplied. The society's aim is to co-operate as closely as possible with all local authorities and kindred organizations, and to justify its position by gaining the confidence of all who are genuinely interested in the welfare of Cambridge.

Subscribers are urgently needed. A certain modicum of expense is inevitably involved in the functions of the special sub-committees, in the ordinary routine of the society, and more particularly in the advertisement and propaganda, without which it cannot hope to become ultimately effective. It is necessary to have a reserve fund to draw upon in those emergencies when nothing short of immediate financial action can avert disaster. The response to the first appeal has already brought in over £700 and it is to be hoped that further co-operation will be forthcoming.

A TREMENDOUS VICEROY

By A. A. B.

GARRICK'S brother, after passing several days at Lichfield in the society of Dr. Johnson, was asked what he thought of the great man. "He's a tremendous companion," was the answer, which amused the wits of the eighteenth century. The same sense of being stunned overcame me as I read Lord Ronaldshay's detailed and voluminous account of Lord Curzon's Viceroyalty.* Tremendous is the only adjective for that untiring, restless, indomitable, and withal wearisome grandee, who spread himself over every corner of India for five and a half years.

Just as Johnson's talk beat you down and finally submerged you, so it is difficult to escape being drowned in the flood of Lord Curzon's doings and sayings. It is a little unfortunate for Lord Ronaldshay's volume that it should have appeared just after Sir Walter Lawrence's 'The India We Served.' Sir

* 'The Life of Lord Curzon.' Vol. 2. By the Earl of Ronaldshay. Benn. 21s.

Walter has got betwixt the wind and Lord Ronaldshay's nobility with a vengeance. The character of Lord Curzon in both books is astonishingly similar, but it has to be said that Sir Walter's narrative is better written and more entertaining than Lord Ronaldshay's. Both men really loved Lord Curzon, and both cannot help portraying a character that, but for his love of Mary Leiter, the Vice-queen, is, to my mind at least, insupportable. Always working like a nigger, and making everybody under him do the same, always posturing, and asking Lawrence what effect he made upon his audience, he was never natural, and he never sat down to think. No wonder his reign was a prolonged quarrel with patches of splendid usefulness. He was a great public servant whose services would have been more valuable if they had been less extended.

"It is supposed to be a mark of efficiency and even greatness to get your work done for you by other people. I frankly disagree." So wrote Lord Curzon to the Secretary of State in 1903, relative to the preparations for the Delhi Durbar, perhaps the crowning achievement of those crowded years, to which he devoted, down to the last button, such incredible industry. It seems nothing less than a malign destiny that threw across Curzon's path such a soldier as Kitchener, who shared to the full the Viceroy's determination to do everything for himself.

Of this virtuous foible each man in his turn was to fall the victim. Curzon was checkmated in India by Kitchener, backed by the Government at home. A decade later Kitchener was to be stripped of his power by degrees and to lose his prestige because he would not share his labour with anybody. Curzon had, however, this advantage over Kitchener: he could express himself; and nothing but the timidity of the Cabinet and Kitchener's new South African laurels prevailed over the Viceroy's arguments. For subsequent events proved that Kitchener was wrong and Curzon right in the famous Indian quarrel. The military member of the Governor-General's Council stood between the Commander-in-Chief and the Governor-General much as the Secretary of State stands between the Viceroy and the Cabinet. When the Commander-in-Chief, who was not a member of Council, wanted to have anything done, he was obliged to present his case by the military member, an officer of inferior rank to his own. This Kitchener would not stand, and he insisted on the military member being confined to Supply, while he himself did everything else. In vain Curzon pointed out, in imperious despatches, that no one man could do what Kitchener proposed. It ended in Curzon leaving India a beaten and embittered man, and when Armageddon was upon us the Mesopotamian campaign revealed a Commander-in-Chief overwhelmed by a scandalously inadequate supply, and totally incapable of directing a campaign.

The truth is that in 1904-5 the Cabinet had had more than enough of war, and the military situation in the East was threatening. They clung like frightened children to the tail of Kitchener's tunic, and they had had more than enough of Curzon. When one reads the extracts from the correspondence given us by Lord Ronaldshay, the wonder is that they stood him so long—if most of them had not been his personal friends they would not have done so. The Viceroy addressed the Secretary of State in the tone of a schoolmaster scolding an ignorant and obstinate boy. It was another of Curzon's misfortunes that he had to deal with a Cabinet which he did not respect. The Prime Minister, so long as he was Lord Salisbury, he regarded as a mountain daily blocking his view from the window. When "dear Arthur" succeeded his uncle, he wrote of him as one who had "elevated political nonchalance to a fine art." For the two Secretaries of State, with whom he was obliged to correspond, he hardly concealed his intellectual contempt. Lord George Hamilton belonged to an earlier generation; but he had been the pet of Disraeli and

Salisbury from boyhood, and his feeble speeches and somewhat effeminate manner concealed his courage and common sense so effectually that Curzon underrated him. As for St. John Brodrick, had he not sat at Curzon's feet as a humble worshipper at Eton and Balliol? The two were contemporaries at Oxford, where Curzon had been a bright particular star in the intellectual firmament, and Brodrick had "cut no ice" at all. When the whirligig of politics made St. John Brodrick Secretary of State for India, in 1903, and therefore Curzon's official superior, we are not told by either Sir Walter Lawrence or Lord Ronaldshay how the Viceroy received the news, but we can guess. Lord Midleton is one of those numerous men who develop rapidly after leaving school and college. As he was elected to the Parliament of 1880 immediately after taking his degree, he got a five years' start of his contemporaries. But to Curzon it was unthinkable, or thinkable only as a joke, that he should take his orders from St. John Brodrick. When at the beginning of 1906 the Viceroy found himself up against Morley, he came home by the first steamer.

With regard to what is called his forward policy on the frontiers of Afghanistan and Tibet, it was sheer ill-luck that Curzon's reign should have coincided with the South African War. At any other time the Home Government would probably have supported the Viceroy; but Salisbury, Balfour, and even Joe Chamberlain had their bellyfull of fighting, and were beginning to reap the aftermath of a dubious victory over the Boers.

THE INTERVIEW

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

I HAVE not read Mr. Bernard Shaw's big book all about Socialism. There is no reason why I should, not being an intelligent woman. Moreover, I am no longer very interested in the brand of benevolent despotism recommended by Mr. Shaw, who, I suspect, is really an eighteenth-century State philosopher, heavily disguised. But, like everybody else, I read the flattering columns of comment and quotation given to the book by the Press, which loves the mouth that bites it. And when I had read all these columns, I had a very queer little vision.

Apparently all the capitalists had been quietly separated from their bank balances and fat office chairs and batteries of telephones. They no longer existed, except as figures in the tales told by professional raconteurs in the public nurseries. It seemed that the Socialist State had arrived. All the famous machinery of that State was there, and working splendidly. Not all the old prophecies had been fulfilled, however, for by some hitch or other, it had not been possible for all the reins of government—and you could not see the country for reins—to be seized by quiet experts. In fact, owing to some general misinterpretation, the English Socialist State was being run by the English people themselves, that ignorant mob which was the horror of all decent Socialists in the old days, those very people that some Socialist prophets had decided to abolish at the earliest possible moment. In the flurry and scurry of the revolution, it had not been found possible to abolish them; they had not had the sense or public spirit to abolish themselves; with the result that they had interpreted the Socialist code too liberally and were soon working all its political and economic machinery themselves.

All this I inferred from what I saw. What I saw was a meeting of one of the innumerable Committees of Enquiry into the Utility of Common Citizens, or rather, a meeting of one of the sub-committees of Action, really a tribunal. It was the business of this tribunal to examine and determine the fate of all citizens registered in the old postal district of W.C.2. There were about eight of them, all men (for the ordinary English woman had expressed no desire to be engaged in such tasks), and I recognized them as the sort of men one sees on the tops of buses and at football matches and in bar parlours and behind little counters and in theatre galleries, neither heroes nor scoundrels, neither saints nor devils, neither philosophers nor brutes. Already, I gathered, they had had a busy morning, and apparently they had decided—as you would expect them to decide—that there was no reason why public service should go unrefreshed. They were lighting cheap cigars and pipes and opening bottles of beer. Having been busy at this work for some time, they were now all pals together. In fact, the tribunal, in spite of its severe title and awful powers, seemed quite a convivial affair.

"Next!" called the chairman. He had a red face, a scrubby moustache, a large jaw, a wandering humorous eye, and a bowler at the back of his head. He was the kind of man who may be found in any public house laying down the law (frequently he is the landlord) and I was not surprised to discover that such a one had become chairman of a public tribunal: it was inevitable. The door opened, and a little lean man with a slight squint ushered in a patriarchal figure that I recognized at once. "Name and all particlers," commanded the chairman. The white-bearded gentleman at once began to speak, but was silenced. "I'm not arsking you, I'm arsking 'im," said the chairman severely. The little man with the squint gave some details that were quite familiar to me. "And," he concluded, "I'd like tersay, comrades, that we 'ave 'ere with us one of the great pioneers of the movement that's brought us where we are terday. This ain't no ordinary citizen, I can tell yer."

"That's right," said one of the members. "I used to 'ear 'im. 'Strewth, talk about telling the tale!" At this the chairman, who could not be severe for long, became friendly at once. "Good enough!" he cried. "You take a seat, chum. We won't keep you standing. 'Ere, 'ave a drink with the tribunal." He proffered a bottle of beer. "This is the first consignment of the State Bottled Bitter, and it's not so bad, only some ruddy comrade forgot the 'ops when he was on the job."

"Oi don't drink beer," announced the patriarchal gentleman.

"That's 'ard luck," said the chairman. "You won't get any whisky 'ere, you know. They've got five cases up at the Ministry of Supplies—and shifting 'em too—but there isn't a drop anywhere else. King o' Scotland won't let 'em send it down 'ere."

"Oi don't drink at all."

"He's got a weak stummick," said another member, looking sympathetic. "Brother o' mine's the same."

"'Ere, well 'ave a cigar," cried the chairman, pushing a box towards him. "It's too late for me to try to fuddle myself with nicotine," began the white-bearded citizen.

"Oh, well 'ave a sandwich!"

"— or with slices cut from the charred corpses of murdered animals. Oi believe—"

"Never mind what you believe, chum," the chairman put in, with something of a return to his former severity. "You're not 'ere to tell us why you believe. You're 'ere either to enjoy yourself with us and be friendly or to be told what to do and then get out, see?"

"No, Oi do not. Oi have first to point out that being friendly with you and enjoying myself are not at all the same thing, that if Oi am told what to do it does not follow that Oi then leave you, and that—"

"And that'll do, that'll do," interrupted the chairman. "Will you be quiet?" "No, Oi will not," retorted the patriarch imperturbably. "In all the ninety years Oi have spent trying to descend far enough to reach the low level of public life and thought in this country, Oi have never—"

"Been quiet," shouted the chairman, hitting the table with his closed fist. "And you're going ter start now, chum, I give yer my word." The whole tribunal roared its approval. "The fust thing you've gotter learn," the chairman went on, "is hobiaedience to the State, and in 'ere we're the State, see? Isn't that so, lads?"

"That's right, George," said the tribunal. "'Ere!" the chairman cried, turning to the little man with the squint and jerking a thumb at the patriarch. "Don't tell me 'e's an Englishman. 'E's a ruddy Irishman, that's what 'e is, a ruddy Irishman."

"Gor!" cried one of the members, disgustedly. "I knew there was something. Send 'im back where 'e belongs. The Sowcialist Stite of good old England is for the good old English, what say, boys?" There was a cheer and a banging of glasses at this sentiment.

"Well, comrades," said the little man anxiously, "our comrade here's been in the Old Country a long time and has written all his famous plays here."

"Writes plays, does he," said a member. "Well, I like a good piece, takes you out of yourself, I always say."

"That's right, Jim," said the chairman. "Now, mister, I can't say as I know anything about yer plays, but I've no doubt you've been giving the Old Country a good word in 'em this long time. And we can always do with some plays—even from one of the old 'ands like yourself. Got any of these plays with yer? Now don't start agen. Just 'Yes' or 'No.' Right then, put 'em on the table. They looks all right. Nice green back to 'em, print all proper, everything O.K. Just take one apiece, chums, and 'ave a dekko at em. Keep yer eyes open for a piece or two that's all about love that's trew till death, 'cos that's my style. I like a bit o' sentiment and a bit o' the comic. A good laugh and a good cry." They all began staring at the green-bound volumes, turning pages here and there. The little man with the squint looked uneasy. At last, he remarked: "I might say,

comrades, that these plays is known all over. Played in Germany regular they are."

"That's all right, chum," said the chairman, "but this 'ere Tribunal don't care about that. We're all Englishmen, we are, and we gotter decide whether this pally old bloke's going on with it or whether 'e's gotter be put to something else, see." He frowned at the pages before him, and the members frowned with him. Finally, the chairman said: "Well, wodyer make of it, chums?"

"Strewth!" cried one of them, and all the others seemed to echo the cry. Then they all conferred together. Finally, the chairman rose and looked sternly at the patriarchal dramatist. "Do you wish to leave this State and return to the Holy Irish Empire?" he demanded. "Oi do not," replied the other fervently. "You wish to remain 'ere. Then the decision of this 'ere Tribunal is that you report yerself to-morrow to State Public House Number Seventeen, the 'People's Arms,' Walham Green, for evening duty in the taproom, until further notice from this Tribunal. The Life Force save the State!"

"— save the State," repeated all the others. (Nevertheless, if I live long enough to be in at this, it is to the taproom of State P.H. No. 17, Walham Green, that I shall go for my occasional evening drink, for I will wager that there will be better service and more fun there than in any other State P.H. And I trust this will serve as an apology.)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

- ¶ The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.
- ¶ Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him on Tuesday.

HORRORS OF THE ROAD

SIR,—Is your article, 'Horrors of the Road,' fair? Is it true that English country hotels are as you describe them? Are you doing any good to your own country by publishing such terrible libels? Of course there are some bad hotels in England; so there are in every country, just the same as there are good and bad boot shops.

Two years ago I toured from here to Nottingham, Buxton, Llandudno, through the Lake districts, up to Scotland as far as Blair Athol and home, via Penrith, Harrogate, Lincoln. This year I went from here, via London, Eastbourne, Salisbury, Exeter, Newquay, Falmouth and home, via Wincanton and London. I found excellent accommodation everywhere; I lunched often at single star A.A. inns, which were as good as any country in the world can produce.

Of course I am a reasonable man and do not expect a Ritz hotel at nothing a time in every country village. If the "Come to Britain" movement fails, you will have helped to kill it by publishing libels on your own country's hotels. I notice that you jump from a start of abuse on the "country hotel" to the "innkeeper." Does your "public-spirited man" want omelettes at what in England is called an inn? If so, he will "suffer" till he dies, and serve him right. The dish may be "simple" but it is not national, and a general-servant cook in an English inn is not likely to make it, in this world.

With one exception I know of no "large organizations" running country hotels "by telephone." No wonder you cannot get ice at country "inns," warm-

ing pans in this climate would be more welcome. Is the "innkeeper" making plenty of money? I doubt it. The average country hotel company of Great Britain does not pay a large dividend. If you jump to America, 50 per cent. of the new hotels are losing their money.

The secret of the whole article is the complaint that the "unwealthy" cannot get what they want. Naturally you cannot. I want a Rolls-Royce but cannot afford it, but I do not libel and abuse all motor-manufacturers in consequence. Your attack on garages is equally wrong. When touring I have had repairs done at garages at *absurdly* low prices, and have often wondered why good garages exist to do repairs at such low prices.

One has heard the wonderful advice for ever, namely, do everything for nothing and a fortune is ensured. Your splendid advice to the A.A. and R.A.C. to combine against hotel-keepers is wonderful, only if the combination ran on your lines there would be no hotels or garages to abuse, and your "omelette" friend and you would be left to repair your own cars when touring and eat the tinned-salmon sandwich to the dance music that might cheer you up.

One really cannot write seriously over such an article as the 'Horrors of the Road.' I would ask you to publish a serious letter only I unfortunately know the perpetual effort of English journalism to kill the "Come to Britain" movement and ruin their own country by belittling everything that is English.

I am, etc.,

HENRY L. CLARK

Rivercroft, Wroxham, Norfolk

[We deal with this letter in a leading article.—
ED. S.R.]

THE AUTOCRAT AT THE OPERATING TABLE

SIR,—No one has more respect than I have for the great surgeons of this country. They rank above the surgeons of any other country. In my youth I had the honour of shaking hands with Lord Lister and a number of eminent gentlemen who have made it possible to-day to save life on an unprecedented scale. But for their skill I should certainly not be alive at this moment. Having said so much, I may perhaps be permitted to observe that the tyranny of the surgeon over the patient is as bad as that of an Inquisitor over a heretic. Probably the best surgeons have a strong instinct of sadism which makes them enjoy cutting human flesh about with the amazing dexterity that they possess. This is all to the good; but when the same tendency is carried into questions outside their province one is disposed to resent it—as, for instance, when a surgeon forbids a nurse to give a patient a hot-water bottle when recovering from an operation for the reason that some patients get burnt by a hot-water bottle.

In the region of the law the lay client is sometimes roughly handled; but any solicitor with spirit will prevent his being bullied by a King's Counsel, and sees that his client has some voice in what is being done. If, for instance, a client insists on telling his own story in the witness-box the solicitor may warn him that by so doing he will lose his case. If, however, the client prefers to give evidence in spite of his solicitor's advice the solicitor will acquiesce; and I know of more than one case where a solicitor declined to take proceedings, but when forced to do so by his client obtained judgment for his client, much to his own surprise.

With the surgeon, however, everything is very different. A friend of mine informs me that he recently underwent, at very short notice, an abdominal operation by a very eminent surgeon whose skill and dexterity as a surgeon no one will dispute but who imposes a ridiculous and antiquated system on all his patients whether rich or poor. On recovering from the

anæsthetic the patient is told that according to the written regulations left by the surgeon with the nurses he is unable to sip a single drop of liquid for forty-eight hours. He is not allowed to chew either slices of lemon or orange or any fruit which would mitigate thirst. By a refinement of torture he is allowed either to rinse his mouth with *crème de menthe* or ginger ale or some faintly sweet-tasting substance, which of course increases thirst. Alternatively, he is allowed to chew but not to swallow pieces of tinned pineapple, but not real pineapple. My friend had no notice of all this nonsense when he agreed to submit to the operation, and naturally supposed that if he were prepared to accept any evil consequences for transgressing these taboos there would be no trouble about it. This would logically follow from the fact that although the operation was essential to preserve life no one could have compelled him to undergo it. To his astonishment he found that the doctors and nurses, although strongly disapproving of the rules laid down, professed themselves powerless to supply him with what he wanted, namely, water in small sips or ordinary pineapple. He sent a message to a very eminent doctor, who refused to interfere if his own doctor did not. The surgeon himself did not condescend to appear.

I venture to think that this is a disgraceful state of things, especially as it affects poor people in hospitals who cannot stick up for themselves. Nearly all doctors and surgeons in laying down the law on these matters seem to think that the ordinary patient has as little self-restraint and self-knowledge as the ordinary doctor. I may mention as an instance that my friend was told that he must not smoke because if he did he would be sick. Fortunately he succeeded in circumventing this prohibition and proved that he was the best judge of whether a pipe would make him sick or not. Yet his own doctor in similar circumstances had drunk orangeade so recklessly as to vomit.

What is the legal remedy of an unfortunate patient in the position of my friend? One cannot fight a doctor without a doctor, and if my friend had called in a solicitor the solicitor might have been in some difficulty as to how best to advise him. Anyone, however, who is threatened with an abdominal operation will be wise to inquire about the fads of any particular surgeon before employing him.

I am, etc.,

"LYCURGUS"

A CLUB FOR BIBLIOPHILES

SIR,—May I be allowed to draw the attention of your readers to an event of high importance to all book-collectors and bibliophiles, an event, moreover, which will very probably do much to check the constant exodus from this country of literary and bibliographical treasures? I refer to the inauguration by H.M. King Manuel of Portugal (himself the owner of a world-famous library) of the new headquarters recently acquired by the First Edition Club, and to the official opening by Sir Frederic Kenyon (Director of the British Museum) of an exhibition in the clubhouse of books printed by private presses in Great Britain and Ireland.

It is generally conceded among book-collectors and booksellers that the principal reason for the dispersal of so many fine libraries in the past, and the formation of so very few new ones in the present, is the isolated position of the average book-collector. A central meeting point (such as is provided in New York by the justly famed Grolier Club, in Boston by the Club of Odd Volumes, and in other American cities by similar bodies) has always been lacking in England. During more than a century that has passed since the foundation of the Roxburgh Club (probably the first of its kind) no bibliographical body in Great Britain has striven to maintain a clubhouse wherein bibliophiles could meet others of similar

tastes, exhibit their collections, and exchange or gain knowledge.

This deficiency has now been remedied. Since its inception in 1922 the First Edition Club has endeavoured to bring together into effective union the many scattered English book-collectors. During the six years of its life the club has held eight exhibitions (outrunning even American achievements), issued thirteen publications (in fulfilment of its object "to improve book-production by example"), and it has now been enabled, by funds obtained from its own membership, to complete the task which from the first it set itself, of maintaining a permanent and worthy clubhouse. A long lease has been purchased of 17 Bedford Square, an excellent example (c. 1790) of the work of the brothers Adam, which contains a fine exhibition room (designed by Mr. Ambrose Heal), library, dining room, tea lounge and paved garden.

If those who are interested will communicate with the club's secretary and founder, Mr. A. J. A. Symons, at 17 Bedford Square, they will receive a brochure setting forth the club's history and achievements, a copy of the revised rules, and a card of invitation enabling them to visit the exhibition and see the clubhouse. The subscription rates are: Town members five guineas per annum, country members three guineas per annum, and the first 600 members will pay no entrance fee.

I am, etc.,

GEORGE C. WILLIAMSON,
Chairman of the Committee.

*The First Edition Club,
17 Bedford Square, W.C.1*

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

SIR,—In these days of enlightened thinking we are accustomed to hear much, from many and varied sources, in favour of the abolition of capital punishment. It is something of a novelty, however, to hear "Kensal Green's" plea for a return to public executions—a piece of medieval barbarism which outlived the age to which it belonged.

We pride ourselves on living in an enlightened age, according to principles a great deal nobler and more civilized than those of our medieval forefathers. Of all the progress we have made since the Middle Ages we need not be the least proud of our progress in standards of healthy and beneficial forms of amusement. It would scarcely be in accordance with this progress were we to make a return to this morbid and revolting practice which attracted so many of the baser sort in the Middle Ages. Nor can the plea be justified on the ground that it would in any way benefit either the unfortunate murderer or the public. Of all the speeches from the scaffold recorded by history, far more have done harm than have done any good.

There will always be a certain number of the morbidly degenerate type who delight in unpleasant spectacles. If their craving for revolting sensation will cause them to stand before prison walls in order to obtain the greatest possible measure of the tragic atmosphere within, let us not pander to their unhealthy and uncivilized tastes, or help to swell their numbers by providing them with the fact of the spectacle which already they contrive in their imagination to enjoy.

I am, etc.,

Union Society, Oxford

G. W. R. MORLEY

[We do not think "Kensal Green" meant his suggestion to be taken quite seriously; or rather, perhaps we should say he meant it to be taken so seriously that people would see the absurdity of it. If public execution were revived, opinion might be shocked into abolishing the death penalty altogether. That—though we do not necessarily agree with it—we take to have been "Kensal Green's" notion.—ED. S.R.]

THE THEATRE

GOOD PLAYERS AND BAD PLAYS

BY IVOR BROWN

THERE were two Dennis Eadies. There was the man who, trained under Granville Barker at the Court Theatre, had become the foremost repertory actor of the time. In 1910, when Eadie was thirty-five, he played the leading rôles in the brief Frohman season at the Duke of York's. His sweetly reasonable quietude as Philip Madras and his agonized portrayal of the wretched Falder in 'Justice' (so far more poignant and convincing than any of the pretentious Mr. Zeros of the Expressionists) have remained vividly in my mind. In fact, during my early playing Dennis Eadie was very much in my eye and a sovereign of my boyhood's furious loyalties. I first saw him in a small part in a musical comedy called 'Lady Madcap,' in which Miss Zena Dare was entrancingly her ladyship, while Miss Gabrielle Ray and Miss Lily Elsie, soon to waltz her way to the throne with Lehar's famous air, were two of a dashing quartette. Mr. G. P. Huntley was terrifically jovial in his best monocular manner and, to my then thinking, he was quite the funniest thing in the most sparkling play and surrounded by the loveliest ladies of London in 1905. Much time and much pocket-money did I spend in order to visit and re-visit the pit of the Prince of Wales's Theatre, where 'Lady Madcap' danced the antics then held to be most sportive. Bliss was it then and there to be alive. In the midst of all this hey-go-mad hilarity was a stage-major champing and chuntering. This officer suddenly struck the attention of a boy who was looking on, because he was really impersonating a probable human being, a task to which the members of Lady Madcap's house-party essentially were not apprenticed. The actor's name was reverently noted by one who would nowadays be called an incorrigible "fan." It was Dennis Eadie.

This Eadie survived until the tremendous success of 'Milestones.' That he was a great actor I take to be indisputable. In such intervals as my education allowed, I pursued the London theatre voraciously and I never missed a play with Eadie's name on the bill. I imagine that he was another of the large company for whom Granville Barker's production had been not so much formative as creative. While he was figuring nightly in Lady Madcap's Army List, he was putting in Euripidean and Shavian afternoons at Sloane Square. He played Hugh Voysey with and for Barker in Barker's best play. The result of this was the actor who so superbly spanned a human life-time in 'Milestones' and would tackle seven parts in one piece—'My Lady's Dress.' But success brought West-End management, a goal from which few return with their reputations undimmed. The second Dennis Eadie ruled at the Royalty Theatre for many years. He was an elegant actor in a suave and silvery way; he was delightful in 'The Romantic Young Lady'; he had a gracious ease and an agreeable voice. Yet, as an actor, he began to dwindle to the size of the plays in which he appeared. They were often small and unambitious; occasionally they were downright silly. If Eadie had been a grand actor of the old school he could have vitalized anything by a magnoperative personality and high technical achievement just as Mr. Fred Terry continues to carry "costume drama" triumphantly about the country. But that was not Eadie's party; he was a repertory man, an old Granvillian, essentially plastic, ready to leap from downy youth to dotage in the compass of an evening. In short, he was the kind of actor who must have matter. The Irvings and the Bernhards can live by method only; they impose a design upon everything they

touch. The other, the malleable school of which Eadie was once so distinguished a prefect, can accept a design when it is there: they cannot force a personal pattern on the face of nothingness. As a manager Dennis Eadie turned his back upon his repertory past; he played to charm, to amuse, to entertain in harmless comedies about nothing in particular. And so he buried his talent. It had been a great one.

It is easy to curse and swear at managers for the mistakes into which they fall. Theatrical enterprise is a mad sort of gamble, carried on in a feverish atmosphere of chances and changes, of sudden failures that necessitate swift new choices, of money hardly won and easily lost, of personal rivalries and recriminations and all manner of petty vanities. It must be pretty hard to keep one's head—and one's backers. But the theatrical slump of this summer, which has killed off the season's new plays like flies, is at once so severe in itself and is so obviously only an intensification of a preceding distress that the affair cannot be dismissed as a seasonal accident. That the weather and high prices have nothing to do with it is shown by the willingness to scramble for seats in the case of one or two tremendous successes. It seems undeniable, therefore, that the public is losing its interest not in the theatre as such but in the kind of theatre which managers think good enough.

There is much talk of "bad plays" and certainly we critics have recently had to watch some drivel that a doorkeeper could have told the management was chatter without a chance. Many of the new pieces have been incompetent, judged by any standard. There is one, for instance, which I had meant to discuss this week, but having seen it I could not face its memory; in any case, it will probably have disappeared by the time these words are printed. On the other hand, I am well aware that "good plays" are excessively rare. Let anyone who doubts this announce his intention of producing the unacted masterpieces about which we hear so much and then see what the postal tide throws up. The flotsam and jetsam of the theatre's rejected addresses is unimaginable stuff. The London theatres need a hundred good plays a year; they need what does not exist. But my point is that in the old days the high-and-flighty, damn-you-ram-you method of attack made the quality of the written word far less important than it is now. There is a tale of Irving rehearsing Terriss in Shakespeare, and asking him in despair if he knew what his lines meant. Terriss answered that he didn't know and didn't care, and what the devil did it matter anyway? Didn't he know his job? The business of great actors was not to be intelligible but to be impressive or impetuous and generally irresistible. It was said (and I can well believe it) that Irving could have shivered any man's timbers merely by booming "fee-fo-fum," or composing a tragic fantasy on the *motif* of 'Ta-rara-boom-deay.' But then there came an entire change in the theatrical situation. The post-Ibsenite drama demanded that the actor should submit himself to its discipline, that he should understand, at least faintly, what the play was about, and that he should make himself commensurate with his part in the affair. It was in that school that Dennis Eadie became first proficient and then prominent. Like others from whom the genius of Granville Barker evoked a wealth of talent, he was a sign of the times, an actor who was an excellent partisan for an intelligent author.

But the impetus went out of that species of drama in which Dennis Eadie found himself. The mode since the war has demanded cynical trifles, crookederies, sex-appeal episodes, and other polite and impolite nothings. A few men have succeeded in writing the brittle brevities that contain the correct sting. But how many have succeeded in acting in them? The last ten years have certainly not been dominated by the players. Miss Thorndike had a genuine triumph in 'Saint Joan,' but, without Euripides, Shakespeare, or Shaw, she does

not easily or certainly command the public. The number of players who are a sure "draw" can be counted on the fingers of one hand, possibly on a single finger. The Victorians had an Actor's Theatre, the Edwardians an Author's Theatre. We Georgians appear to have fallen between two styles and to be in danger of having neither. On the Continent there is a Producer's Theatre and an interest in the spectacle and rhythm of dramatic movement. But our theatrical values are confused. We grumble about "bad plays." There have always been bad plays; for a hundred years between Sheridan and Shaw the English theatre had scarcely a good one. But the dynamic quality of the acting kept the machine running. Now we have the bad play without the compensation of a grandly domineering performance. The actor who had been in repertory had learned modesty and good manners; Dennis Eadie was one of them. The result of his fidelity to the author proved unfortunate when authorship failed. When fashion ordered that there should be nothing much in the play he could add nothing to it. The only hope for the silly or vulgar piece is the tyrannical and tempestuous performer. No doubt that worthy will return. The English theatre can hardly continue in the present state of aimlessness and apathy.

ART

ON PAINTINGS OF OUTSTANDING IMPORTANCE

BY WALTER BAYES

The New English Art Club 77th Exhibition. *New Burlington Galleries*, Burlington Gardens.

Paintings and Pastels by Degas. *Lefevre Galleries*, 1a King Street, St. James's.

IT is clear that they tend to become rare. But as our young painters are periodically urged to concentrate on the production of works which someone might conceivably buy for ten pounds, critics are unreasonable to complain if exhibitions (such as that of the New English Art Club now showing) contain few ambitious canvases. Is vaulting ambition indeed any longer necessary to youth? You have but to read through the list of the accredited heads of the profession to realize that a considerable percentage of them have never even attempted a work of capital importance. Moreover, a complex figure composition is so difficult to do as to be rarely quite successful and criticism is more scornful of the failure than aware of the difficulty of the enterprise—and obviously at the time of its painting nobody wants it.

It was otherwise in Victorian days. There is a legend that when he was in England, Degas sent in an elaborate drawing to a London illustrated paper only to have it returned as "not quite up to our artistic standard." But as a rule in England and even in France it was his complex feats of illustration which commanded a certain sale (even if at something less than a living wage) and the slight but exquisitely "right" note of two women at a race-course (No. 14 at the Exhibition at the Lefevre Gallery) would have been more certainly disdained than the 'Repetition de Danse' (No. 5) which if we could see it to-day, hung at the N.E.A.C. as a contemporary—and English—painting would probably be the more shrewdly criticized.

Not that we venture to find fault with it here; "Degas," says the catalogue, "was an unerring draughtsman." The phrase has been repeated till it has become hypnotic and no critics—least of all those who have rarely practised even an erring draughts-

manship—would be so immodest as to examine a dictum thus long unquestioned. I am not myself quite sure what "unerring" as applied to draughtsmanship is meant to convey (it sounds a little as though there were but one way of being right, so that lapses from probity were exactly to be registered), but I find it difficult to discern in what sense it could strictly apply throughout to No. 21, 'Le Foyer de la danse,' or in what but a superficial way it describes No. 21, 'L'Etoile,' with its elegant characterization of slippers and complete failure to express a connexion between the raised leg and the torso. Adjectives are vague instruments of criticism, but they need not be negative. Degas was a delicate and modest, an adroit and interesting draughtsman. As he grew older he became in the modern plastic sense an increasingly profound and powerful one. 'La Repetition de Danse' antedates this development and, moreover, in its failure to balance the claims of local and illuminant colour, looks rather like a coloured photograph. 'Au Champs de Courses' (12) is a similar work, its modelling glimmering here and there through superimposed colour in a manner rather more delightful as "matière." In respect of both the deficiencies alleged, the pastel, No. 8, shows a greater mastery of the means of plasticity open to the painter, but I would not call it a finer work. True the 'Repetition' masks its weak plastic basis by the superficial continuity of endlessly absorbing detail. But what a large part does this "mere adroitness" play in giving vitality to a picture. What is it but a recognition of an equivalent importance to the humanist as against the mathematical elements of drawing? When Degas moved afterwards in the latter direction he was moving towards better balance, but a little away from his own personal gifts.

No more at other times than to-day were capital works always unerring. As by long acquaintance we realize how much has gone to their making we find them nevertheless wonderful. To have done them gives depth and a sense of reserve of power to an artist's slighter pictures. When every circumstance of the time makes against this early Victorian quality of pertinacity in effort, I cannot help respecting the portrait of 'Mrs. F. J. Weldon' (49), which Mr. Richard Murry shows at the New English Art Club. It indicates, to my mind, grave misconceptions of what is needed in a portrait—the fact is underlined by the admirable practicality with which Mr. Connard in his adjoining 'Captain Wilkins' (69) uses the figure of his sitter as a not inadequate base from which the head naturally derives. Yet there is in Mr. Murry's picture a power of making what should be dull still-life interesting—an occasional beauty in minor passages of colour which make him worth watching as his painter's *savoir-faire* develops. 'Still-Life,' by E. J. Ardizzone (42), and 'Peeling Apples,' by J. D. Cast, are sober capable paintings, the former rather weak in *mise en page*. Most of the other works which are most agreeable to the eye are also slight in texture, 'Lear Farm' (75), by Alfred Thornton, being in some sort an exception.

The question, "What becomes of all the pictures that are painted?" is often used to raise the picture of canvases stacked together till no one can move. I think this is erroneous and that every artist in periods of depression avoids this inconvenience by destruction so that very few pictures, and still fewer good ones, survive from one generation to another. The Victorians eliminated their slighter works. We shall destroy everything else.

¶ An Exhibition of Paintings by Mr. Walter Bayes is now on view at the Goupil Gallery, 5 Regent Street, W.1.

MUSIC

SECOND THOUGHTS ON 'TURANDOT'

IT seems fairly clear that Puccini's 'Turandot' made a far more favourable impression on its reappearance at Covent Garden last week than it did when it was first produced there a year ago. The reason for this is that the faults of the work leap so plainly to eye and ear that they appeared at a first acquaintance out of proportion to its very remarkable qualities. Not all the weaknesses are such that Puccini can be held to blame for them, the most important being the patched ending, which he did not live to complete with his own hand. The undoubted falling-off of the musical interest in the earlier part of the last act may also with some reason be attributed to the faltering of a man already physically weakened by the onset of a fatal illness. It is a real tragedy that the composer should have been thwarted by death of sustaining and finishing what shows every sign of being his masterpiece at the high level attained in the first act and in most of the second.

The first act is an astonishing achievement for a composer who had dealt for most of his career in melodramatic and highly emotional scenes between a tenor, a soprano and a baritone, and whose chief concern had appeared to be the provision of mellifluous phrases for their respective voices. It is true that Puccini was always a master at the depiction of the background to his scenes. One has only to think of the wintry morning in Act III of 'La Bohème,' of the sounds of the awakening city beneath the ramparts in the last act of 'Tosca,' and of the anxious stillness of the night in the second act of 'Butterfly,' to realize with what assurance he could find just the right way to set the scene (in essence somewhat similar) for the different emotional (and climatic) situations. But he had never tried his hand at the grand manner nor used the chorus for anything more than minor, though always apt, pictorial touches.

In the first act of 'Turandot' the chorus is for a long while the protagonist in the drama. I can think of nothing with which to compare his handling of it outside the operas of Moussorgsky. It is not to accuse him of plagiarism to suggest that, without a knowledge of 'Boris Godounov,' he would never have written this first act, for he has not imitated the rough-and-ready methods of the Russian composer. He has learnt a lesson from them, refined them in his own way, and in fact translated them entirely from Russian into Italian musical idiom. The result is a masterpiece of dramatic choral writing, in which every device is used to give variety and beauty of sound to the fantastic scene. Out of the chorus there gradually emerges Calaf, the tenor hero, who does not take his place as a central figure in the drama until half the act is over. What a contrast is here to the carefully heralded entrances of the average Italian tenor! His music in this act, too, has far more character than Puccini had previously shown himself capable of giving to his male personages. There is an authentic ring in the ecstasy of Calaf at the sight of Turandot's beauty, even though it is only the ecstasy of a fairy-tale prince. The singer of the part did not do justice to this passage. He was only capable of running sweetly up and down the curved phrase which Puccini has provided for him in the last act, where the composer has fallen back on one of the common-places of his personal idiom and allowed Calaf to

descend the social scale from Prince of Fairyland to Operatic Tenor, Italian variety.

This change is the most serious flaw in the opera, for it not only debases the character of the hero, but also that of the drama itself. During the first two acts the atmosphere of fairy-tale China, which Puccini creates with such a mastery of orchestral and vocal colour, takes all the edge off the cruelty of the tale, which would be horrible and disgusting to contemplate as a piece of realism. In the final act this atmosphere is dissipated and we are no longer in a fantastic China, but in the more concrete territory of Italian realistic opera. So it is that one cannot help feeling that the scene of Liù's death is revolting, and the more revolting in that Liù herself remains the same appealingly human figure that she had been in Act I. The music of this scene is as fine as anything in the opera, and the chorus, with which it (and incidentally Puccini's own share in the work) ends, almost saves the situation for us. But not quite. It is possible that, by some master-stroke in the succeeding duet between Calaf and the Princess, Puccini might have redeemed it entirely. That is hardly believable, since he had already shifted his ground and was dealing with one of those unpleasant psychological aberrations which appear to have attracted him in his later years.

There remains, however, so much that is really first-rate in the opera that it would not be surprising if it outlived its first *succès d'estime* and became firmly fixed in the popular repertory. I must add that one scene, which appeared to be fatally weak when I saw it (badly performed, indeed) last year, took on a very different complexion at this performance. I mean the crucial scene of Turandot's three riddles. I was not alone in thinking that the music here was poor and uninspired, but that was because it was not at once evident what Puccini was driving at. The bareness of the accompaniment and the high piercing notes of the soprano, again I add unpleasantly sung, gave the scene an appearance of thinness, especially after the rich texture of what had gone before. Now it is clear that this was just the contrast that the composer wished to make, and the scene, magnificently sung, took on a passionless and hieratic character, which proves that Puccini's hand was not faltering here. It is a particular pleasure—and a pleasure in which the audience evidently shared—to welcome Miss Eva Turner on her reappearance after some years of study abroad. The last occasion on which I heard her was in a performance of 'Fidelio,' with the Carl Rosa Company, which she rescued from futility by the sheer force of her personality and her artistic handling of the part of Leonore. Since then she has redoubled her artistic stature; and her voice, which is of a clear, cold quality, exactly suited to the part of Turandot, is now of immense volume. She sang the difficult, high-pitched music of the Princess with an ease and an accuracy of intonation which made one doubt whether any better interpreter of the part could be found.

H.

LITERARY COMPETITIONS—120

SET BY EDWARD SHANKS

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a Culinary Ballade for use in summer with the refrain, "But duck is better eaten cold."

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for an essay of not more than 250 words explaining and illustrating the dictum that style in English prose depends on the choice and the placing of adverbs.

RULES

i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week: LITERARY 120a, or LITERARY 120n).

ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.

iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on their MSS.

iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of these rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold a prize or prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the first post on Monday, June 25, 1928. The results will be announced in the issue of June 30.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS 118

SET BY T. MICHAEL POPE

A. Goldsmith's 'Citizen of the World' has paid a second visit to London in the year 1928. In spite of his advanced age his intellectual faculties are unimpaired, and he has by no means lost his gift of vivid description. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for an account, assumed to be written by him, of a wireless programme. Entries must not exceed 300 words.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the two best rhymed epigrams (in not more than eight lines) on a Statesman who Refused to Write his Reminiscences.

We have received the following report from Mr. T. Michael Pope, with which we agree, and have pleasure in awarding the prizes in accordance with his recommendations.

REPORT FROM MR. POPE

118A. I must confess to disappointment with the results of this competition. Judging from the entries submitted Goldsmith's 'Citizen of the World' is a classic less widely read to-day than I had thought—and hoped. Few of the competitors troubled to adopt the phraseology which Goldsmith himself would have employed, and the writer who used such a phrase as "I still prefer a hansom" is apparently unaware that the form of conveyance referred to dates only from 1834—sixty years after Goldsmith's death. Some of the competitors assumed a knowledge of broadcasting on the part of the 'Citizen of the World's' Chinese correspondent. This, perhaps, is not altogether surprising in the year 1928. Peking, no doubt, has its wireless sets—but it is entirely alien to Goldsmith's method. In almost all the papers there was a complete absence of that note of irony which is one of the main characteristics of 'The Citizen.' James Hall's entry was excellent as a literary composition, but presented few points of contact with the original. On the whole the two papers by Lester Ralph and Non Omnia conform the most closely to the requirements laid down in the competition, and I therefore recommend them for the first and second prizes respectively. At the same time I think Non Omnia might have indicated the surprise and bewilderment with which the Citizen would have listened to a phrase so unfamiliar (and apparently meaningless) as "Hobbs had made a century."

FIRST PRIZE

The people of London are as fond of listening-in as our friends at Peking of Concessions. I accepted an invitation a few evenings ago from my

old friend, Beau Tibbs, to be one of a party who should enjoy this new-fangled diversion.

His rooms lent themselves to the occasion, as to other they scarce could do; for the machinery necessary is such as to fit the meanest apartment. Here we listened, amidst acoustic difficulties, to a discourse upon 'Earthworms, their Habitat, Perversions and Ultimate Destiny,' while our host entertained us with an account of His Lordship's success in the nurture of another species of the Invertebrate. I was about to suggest a promenade at Vauxhall, when an exasperating sound from what is ingeniously called "The Loud Speaker" announced the transmission of further entertainment.

I endured this with such equanimity as I could command, although the singer was ill-fitted for his task by reason of a certain fluctuation of tone, which made his rendering of a passionate ballad distasteful to a Chinese ear. I was encouraged to more forbearance by Beau Tibbs, who whispered in my ear, "This is nothing. Her Ladyship is much enamoured of the next. She dances to no other measure." Whereupon a resonant voice, of unwonted accent, warned us of the immediate emission of harmony from a well-known house in the Strand. Hither, I was assured, the Quality resort at night for dancing and dalliance.

"Head of Confucius," cried I, "enough of this. Rather would I suffer the discord of my native clime than tolerate such barbarous harmony!" And therewith I made my bow.

LESTER RALPH

SECOND PRIZE

My companion in black introduced me to an amusement which, said he, occupies the leisure hours of an immense proportion of the population, and therefore provides a valuable indication of the taste of our people. I awaited with great eagerness the promised discovery, and, upon his touching a protuberance in the machine, there immediately issued a human voice. What was my surprise to hear an exposition of the methods of breeding pigs! I was glad when six sudden squeaks brought this undignified discourse to an end. My companion gazed rapturously upon his watch and exclaimed, Right to a second! I would not ask an explanation, for the voice announced the beginning of a concert. The musical sounds that followed were of great interest for their dissimilarity to Chinese harmonies, but my companion cried Pish! and Tush! How, said I, but is not this an entertainment for all? There are, I believe, says he, a few who pretend to derive pleasure from this stuff, but the mandarins do not care to soothe a man wearied with the business of the day, but only to annoy him with an assumed superiority: and he continued to talk loudly in this manner, so that we heard no more music.

Hush! he exclaimed suddenly, the news! However, he paid no attention to the news, not even to an account of war in my own unhappy country, until he heard that one Hobbs had made a century, when he was mightily pleased, to be equally saddened by a prediction of rain on the morrow; and when a series of dronings began, broken irregularly by the beat of drums, he was again angry, saying he liked a tune. I then departed to ponder the revelation of national taste which the evening had provided.

NON OMNIA

118B. "Having the form of the epigram but denying the power thereof" is a phrase that might fitly be applied to some of the entries in this competition. One competitor, who hopes that I do not bar French, submits the following: "Qui s'excuse s'accuse," which I must reluctantly decline to consider, if only on the grounds that it is neither rhymed nor original. On the

whole, the level was remarkably high. James Hall achieves a particularly neat effect in his epigram on Mussolini:

We know the reason—quite
Apart from education—
Why you refuse to write:
You much prefer Dictation.

An equally ingenious play on words is made by Hartley Carrick:

Because all his days with contentment are rife,
Why on earth should he make an attempt on his Life?

While singling out for special commendation the entries of Halcyon, Alice Herbert, T. E. Casson (who apparently has forgotten that Lord Morley did write his reminiscences) and Charles G. Box, I have decided to award the first prize to Issachar, and the second to W. R. Dunstan.

FIRST PRIZE

This is the man our hearts must bow before,
The singing of whose praise must never cease;
He has not told us how he won the war,
Nor how his colleagues failed to keep the peace.
ISSACHAR

SECOND PRIZE

Some sought the limelight and their stark
Confessions made.
His silence kept them in the dark
And in the shade.

W. R. DUNSTAN

VERSE

NIGHTFALL

BY WALTER ROBERTS

THE long fold crouches cold and still;
Frost creeps around the stones;
Frost sets the grains of earth as hard
As little black bean-bones;
The sturdy stream's flood-cries have faded
To whispering-tones.

The mud upon the bridle-path
Rings hard in fold and rut;
The fields are empty of the herds,
The gates and glats are shut;
Grey skins of ice crawl over the water
In the iron water-butt.

Four bays are empty in the barn,
The grain that filled them, lost;
A hard wind runs along the ground,
Old leaves are scoured and tossed.
The straws twitched over the dry barn-floor
Are white with frost.

The men have finished: it is dark:
The stars dawn in the skies;
The lamplight through the kitchen-window
Leaps the black fold and flies
Across the barn-floor to the fields
And meets the mist, and dies.

A crystal snail-track winds and glitters
Upon the stable-walls:
The horses from the harrows loosed
Steam in their lanterned stalls;
A mile away, in Lymore Wood,
A brown owl calls.

BACK NUMBERS—LXXVII

PHYSICALLY, Bret Harte died twenty-six years ago, writing to the last; for almost all literary purposes, he had been dead years earlier. The very late 'sixties and the very early 'seventies were the period in which his very distinctive, narrowly limited talent produced its best—certain verses which, without being exactly poetry, get at one in a queer way, and certain stories which are both not quite real and movingly human. Someone who seems to have been a journalist concerned with dramatic criticism wrote a book about him in the year of his death, but I cannot call to mind any serious attempt to define and estimate his achievement. The lack of considered criticism, however, is not surprising, for Bret Harte came to readers here at a time when American humorists were being imported in considerable bulk for popular consumption, and superficially his work, even the best of it, seemed the sort of stuff to be taken along with magazine matter in general.

There must still be people who can tell us all about those American humorists of yester-year: I cannot be informative on the subject. To be sure, I know that one of them, and he would be rather earlier, was Orpheus C. Kerr, supposed to be a very witty pseudonym for a place-hunter; but of him I can recollect nothing except that he was the fifth, or sixth, or seventh husband of Adah Isaacs Menken, the pretext rather than the inspiration of 'Dolores,' an amiable as well as a beautiful creature, and so conscientious in her profession of courtesan that she resigned her position with the author of 'Dolores' because she was not earning her wages. Then there was Max Adler; but what he did, beyond the story of the orator who, booked to speak late in the evening, found all his points taken away by predecessors, and fled from the audience, it is impossible to remember. There were many others. Mark Twain and Bret Harte, who were writers, got mixed up with such purveyors of amusement, unjustly.

What Mississippi experiences were to Mark Twain, experiences of mining camps were to Bret Harte. But one can imagine Mark Twain making something of material taken out of more normal and sophisticated life, and it is very difficult to think of Bret Harte at work successfully on any but that odd material, drawn from a life in which the melodramatic and the homely were mingled, and which was at so far a remove from at any rate his English readers, as indeed from most of his American, that questions of probability scarcely arose. The art of the man was in his power to combine great truth to sentiment with oddity and even unreality in incident, the inner humanity of the story carrying off the fantastic or melodramatic narrative.

Because somewhere among his verses is a piece about rugged miners, or other scallywags, weeping when Dickens is read to them, or perhaps for the larger reason that the world is richly populated with fools, the name of Dickens is dragged into discussions of Bret Harte. Now Bret Harte has none of the energy, exuberance, English humour of Dickens, and he has, at his best, a skill in the short story and an unpretending choiceness to which Dickens neither attained nor aspired. But what names will not hasty critics introduce, tempted by some similarity of subject or method? A writer in the SATURDAY in 1902, showing intelligence as well as

admiration of Bret Harte and of Mr. Frank Harris, must needs spoil all by saying that Bret Harte's best story was the finest thing of its sort except for 'Elder Conklin.' But there could not be two writers more antithetical than those two.

The triumph of Mr. Frank Harris, who wrote some of the most powerful short stories produced in his day, was in showing us life, chiefly in its ugly aspects, as through a colourless, perfectly transparent glass. His method was to abolish method, his style a thing of which we were not to be aware at all. At his best he did not write about things; he wrote the things. It is not the way of the very greatest or the most exquisite writers, with whom there is always their own heightening and colouring of the matter in the process of conveying it to us. It is not even accordant with the ideal of so flat-footed and short-sighted a naturalist as Zola, who, after all, defined art as nature seen through a temperament, meaning a temperament of which we shall be conscious as we read. But it is an extraordinarily difficult thing to do, and it was done perfectly not only in such stories as 'Elder Conklin,' but in 'The Miracle of the Stigmata.' Imagine proposing anything of the sort to Bret Harte!

It was the genius of Bret Harte to be at once real and unreal, warm with true sentiment and the teller of an evidently fanciful tale. When he was himself, he fused reality and unreality, or, if that be impossible, mingled them in such a way that we know not whether we believe or disbelieve, and do not care. It is our not caring that entitles him to the most cordial applause. For, in ninety-nine fictions out of a hundred, the moment a doubt arises all is lost. But here is humanity in fancy dress, the roughness of it making no difference to the fact that it is fancy dress, and we may take a smiling pleasure in the masquerade and yet be moved by the genuine sentiments of the figures. The word "sentiments" is used advisedly: Bret Harte does not venture on the passions.

The Saturday Reviewer of 1902 thought that Bret Harte might have done more as a writer of serious verse, and instanced that poem of the lost galleon, which, due in 1649, missed its 9th of May, and therefore could not reach port till 1949. He might have cited the poem of the drum summoning a nation to just warfare, and that other poem of the bullet finding its predestined victim. But surely the effect on us of the serious poems of Bret Harte is due to the fact that he was not ostensibly a serious poet—an effect comparable, with some qualification, to that which Charles Lamb makes on us with 'The Old Familiar Faces.' In neither case is verse quite the natural medium; it argues a rare emotion that it should be used at all; and, coming to us in a stammer, gives us a queer, almost unmanly emotion, like the inadequate utterance of a bereaved friend.

With comic verse he had some successes that will never be forgotten. 'The Heathen Chinese,' owing its popularity in America partly to the agitation over immigrant Chinese labour, was not only witty in itself but the cause of wit in another, Hilton, whose 'Heathen Passeur' is among the very best pieces of academical fooling we have. The archaeological dispute in another famous piece is not less entertaining. But it is ultimately by five or six stories, 'The Outcasts,' 'M'liss,' 'Roaring Camp,' and his own favourite, 'Tennessee's Partner,' among them, that Bret Harte takes rank.

STET.

REVIEWS

THE POETIC DRAMA

BY EDWARD SHANKS

Of Dramatick Poesie. By John Dryden. Preceded by *A Dialogue on the Poetic Drama.* By T. S. Eliot. The Haslewood Books. 31s. 6d.

IT was recently remarked that we have been for rather a long time without that recurrent literary phenomenon, the writer of dialogues, and that one is due soon to appear. This seems at first sight to leave Mr. George Moore out of account. But there is a certain idiosyncratic remoteness about Mr. Moore, and the range of his later interests is narrow. It can be argued, too, that his are, in too literal a sense, imaginary conversations. His interlocutors are figures of fancy, persons who help Mr. Moore to expound his ideas as no interlocutor would except in dreams. He does, however, continue the tradition of Landor, having discovered between himself and that writer affinities which would have occurred to no one else, but which are clearly perceptible now that he has pointed them out, if not, perhaps, as important as he thinks them.

It cannot be disputed that, apart from Mr. Moore, this field of literature is just now strangely barren. Our last dialogue-writer of note that I can remember was H. D. Traill and no one notes him now—though that may be a pity. The form is one that one would have supposed particularly suited to our age, which combines with its qualities of scepticism, indecision and caution a liking for violently controversial expression. Mr. T. S. Eliot's experiment in this genre is therefore of interest, though it is at the same time disappointing.

He finds it convenient, he tells us, to throw his views on the poetic drama into the form of a dialogue because he has "no clear opinions on this subject." He proceeds to contrast his own position with that of Dryden, whose opinions, he says, "issue quite clearly from his dialogue." That is a view with which I cannot agree, and Dryden expressed his disagreement in advance. There is a further explanation of the 'Dramatick Poesie' in a preface to the second edition of 'The Indian Emperor.' (It would, incidentally, have added to the value of this edition if this, together with the criticism which provoked it, had been reprinted too: the Essay itself is already easily obtainable. Here Dryden said:

In vindication of myself, I must crave leave to say, that my whole discourse was sceptical, according to that way of reasoning which was used by Socrates, Plato, and all the Academicques of old, which Tully and the best of the ancients followed, and which is imitated by the modest inquisitions of the Royal Society. That it is so, not only the name will show, which is 'An Essay,' but the frame and composition of the work. You see, it is a dialogue sustained by persons of several opinions, all of them left doubtful, to be determined by the readers in general.

It might be possible to argue that Dryden was here making a debating point against his critic. But I think he was really in much the same position as Mr. Eliot—he did not quite know what he thought. He had a strong intellectual sympathy with Corneille, and at the same time a strong instinctive feeling that there was a good deal to be said for his great English predecessors.

There is one important difference between him and Mr. Eliot, here suggested a little misleadingly. Mr. Eliot points out truly enough that:

Dryden and his friends could discuss a "dramatic poetry" which actually existed, which was still being written; and their aim was therefore to construct its critical laws. We, on the other hand, are always discussing something which does not exist, but which we should like to have brought into existence; so we are not occupied with critical laws; and so we range over a wide field of speculation, asking many questions and answering none.

This is true enough, but the really significant difference is that Dryden is interested in the subject under discussion and Mr. Eliot is not. The truth emerges at the end of Mr. Eliot's dialogue when one of the persons makes a practical suggestion:

We should hire a barn or studio, and produce plays of our own, or even disjected scenes of plays, and produce them by ourselves and only for ourselves, no friends to be admitted. We might learn at least by practice first whether we have anything in common, and second what forms of versification are possible. We must find a new form of verse which shall be as satisfactory a vehicle for us as blank verse was for the Elizabethans.

Another suggests that this will in practice degenerate into "a perfectly conventional cosmopolitan little-theatre or Sunday-society performance," and a third says:

What is much more likely is that nothing will be done at all. We are all too busy; we have to earn our living in other ways. It is even doubtful whether we are sufficiently interested. We cannot make the plays unless we think there is a demand, and there will be no demand until we have made it. There is not one of us who has not a dozen things to do, within the next six months, which he knows to be more important for himself than to prance about in a stable-theatre.

To this nobody makes any reply, and I think that Mr. Eliot and his friends must have recognized it as unanswerable. At any rate they change the subject and rapidly bring the conversation to a close.

However, when I said that Mr. Eliot was disappointing as a writer in the dialogue form, I did not mean only that I disagreed with him about Dryden or that his views on the poetic drama were so vague as to amount to nothing at all. He might have been found guilty on both charges and yet have written a very good dialogue. But he seems to have little understanding of the requirements of the form. His distribution among persons named after letters of the alphabet of various unco-ordinated notions of his own is no more than a feeble and slovenly way of writing an essay, but it arouses expectations which it does not gratify. There is no excuse for the dialogue unless it contains something in the nature of interaction between persons in whom the writer has interested us. Consider, for example, Landor's 'Imaginary Conversations.' They contain every degree of dramatic interest from that shown in the scene of the death of Marcellus, which could be quite well exhibited in the theatre, to that shown in the conversation between Johnson and Horne Tooke, which certainly could not. But even in this latter dialogue, where there is no setting suggested, no movement described, we see the two persons as human beings and take an interest in the struggle of minds that goes on between them. Horne disarms the Doctor with unexpected courtesy and defeats him with citations, and the Doctor takes both with a grumpy but unavailing reluctance. It is the function of the dialogue thus to make us alive to ideas by making us feel the reality of the persons who put them forward. There is no other purpose in Dryden's concluding paragraph, which begins: "Neander was pursuing this discourse so eagerly that Eugenius had called to him twice or thrice, ere he took notice that the barge stood still, and that they were at the foot of Somerset-stairs, where they had appointed it to land." But Mr. Eliot seems

almost deliberately to have avoided anything which might have given an appearance of life to the discussion he feigns to record. "I have," he says, "distributed my own theories quite indiscriminately among the speakers." Apparently, so far as personality goes, there is not enough of Mr. Eliot to go round, for, out of the half-dozen, not one impresses himself on the mind of the reader as an individual. There is a vague suggestion that they are drinking port, but I do not believe it.

good!

SWIFT

The Skull of Swift. By Shane Leslie. Chatto and Windus. 12s. 6d.

THIS book does not come near to clearing up the problem of Swift; and indeed its author allows that what the eighteenth century essayed, later centuries are not likely to perfect. Those passages in Swift's life which have commonly aroused the most curiosity cannot be understood—for want of evidence. Questions of facts pass into the region of insoluble problems. No one can say whether Swift married Stella or not. There is no certainty that his life closed in lunacy. On the other hand, his nationality, a hotly debated subject, depends on the point of view, as does the nature of his plaster-cast, which to some has seemed "remarkably placid, and to others maniacal." But these are minor matters compared with the problem in character which his life and work presents. The verdict, as Mr. Leslie reminds us, has generally been adverse. Swift reminded Jeffreys of his own Yahoos, was decried by Macaulay as an "apostate politician and ribald priest," and accused by Thackeray of cowardice; even Morley concluded that his genius was "unholy." Were such judgments true, his torment could be accounted for; for Swift was not in the proper sense of the word a cynic. He did not question the reality of virtue or its distinction from vice; but only noted its rarity. He was, as Mr. Leslie observes, essentially a moralist, although "a mocking and malignant one"; and a conventional moralist, it might be added. This has been obvious enough; but Mr. Leslie puts forward a new theory to account for the "malignancy" of the man, the "unholiness" of his genius. Swift had no soul. A heart, yes. There is a hint of a clue here; yet one suspects from the context that Mr. Leslie might have said the same of most of Swift's contemporaries, and that by "soul" he means something that did not appertain to Swift's age at all, but to the still far-off era of romanticism. Swift would have been puzzled by the passage in which his latest biographer appears to class Mysticism, Enthusiasm and Catholicism as similar phenomena. He hated Mysticism or Enthusiasm; but always called himself Catholic, and it is odd that Mr. Leslie should describe liberty as his real religion.

If the tragedy of Swift may not be traced to the disappointment of an idealist, must we attribute it to thwarted ambition? It is difficult to believe that he was permanently tortured by his failure to ascend an episcopal throne. But he had the worldly ambitions of the plain man, and Ireland and his deanery of St. Patrick signified their wreckage. Mr. Leslie thinks that his wretchedness was "intrinsic," and that perverseness "warped his nature"; but his circumstances were also perverse. He may have assuaged his disappointments by cultivating a native misanthropy. But Mr. Leslie has taken too literally the expressions of his despair

in Ireland. He had satisfaction from the adulation of the "noble mob" of Dublin, for all his protest. Why this savage indignation and this laceration? If Swift ever found a cause that touched his heart, it was in Ireland. Politics rather than literature were the unfortunate and curious passion of this despoiler of political man; and it was in Irish rather than in English politics that his spirit was destined to be a lasting influence.

As a psychologist Mr. Leslie is too assiduous in the search for epigrams to inspire complete confidence. The pictorial parts of his book are the best, with their echoes of Thackeray and other masters of English narrative. He has also experimented with good results in the technique of Mr. Lytton Strachey. Swift lends himself well to imaginative reconstruction:

There was King William carried upright in his coffin, and behind him all the pageant of Sovereigns, whom the Dean had ever known. King William advanced in silken scarf and polished armor, smaller than ever. For scepter he was carrying proudly a stick of asparagus, and for orb a tulip bulb from Holland. The Dean's eyes looked eagerly for some promised prebendary to drop from his folds. . . . The good Queen Anne followed with her eyes of Bounty and a sedan chair packed with her dozen dead babies, and the Dean shuddered remembering that he had once advised children for food. From her hand dropped State papers: appointments for Bishoprics, thought the Dean, and clutched a document, but it was only the profane strokes from the 'Tale of a Tub,' and he drew back as though he had touched a hornet. George the First followed, arrayed as the King of Lilliput.

It is Jonathan in decay, "his memory moving within its own phantasmagoria." The excavation of a pair of skulls in St. Patrick's Cathedral in 1835, supposed to be of Swift and of Stella, provided Mr. Leslie with the title of his book.

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FORSTER'S 'DICKENS'

The Life of Dickens. By John Forster. Edited by J. W. T. Ley. Palmer. 42s.

FORSTER'S 'Life of Dickens' is not a great book in the sense that Boswell's 'Johnson' is great; but it is an extraordinarily interesting biography. It presents, as no monograph or essay can do, the complete character of Dickens the man, as distinct from Dickens the novelist, and in so doing it reveals the immense change that had come in English life, almost one might say in human nature, since Boswell wrote. For Boswell shows us a grown man; the picture of Dickens is always (and quite truthfully) that of a precocious child.

This does not detract from the greatness of Dickens as a novelist, but surely no great novelist has ever been so lacking in a just consciousness of his surroundings and in the humility that follows. He constantly referred to himself as "The Inimitable"; merely to read the newly written 'Chimes' to his friends he travelled home from Italy in the dead of winter; on his American tour he refused to receive the mayor of Cleveland, because some citizen had inquisitively "stared in at the door and windows while I was washing and Kate [his wife] lay in bed"; he was for ever inserting explanations of his personal conduct in the newspapers, culminating, of course, with that amazing statement in *Household Words* after he had separated from his wife. All this was not due to conceit (he varied his signature from "The Inimitable" to that of some one of his more stupid characters, such as Augustus Moddle): it sprang directly from his incessant activity, which led him to feel himself the centre of the Universe. His only diversions were those of a child—eating hugely, amateur theatricals and excursions to Richmond.

Moreover, he was not the exception in his circle of friends. They were all engrossed in childish pastimes. They expected Dickens's personal explanations in the advertisement columns; they saw nothing odd in the fact that his deepest impressions of America was the popularity of spittoons. He was the Inimitable to them, as well as to himself and, equally, each had his own name in the charade. Nor were these friends a group of admiring satellites; they included many of the most distinguished men of the day.

Clearly the English attitude to life had changed with immense rapidity. There was a great deal of activity and a great deal of amusement; but the idea of thought, of looking objectively at life, had almost disappeared. Peacock and Landor alone (the latter another of Forster's literary lions), survivors of an earlier age, had a saner, more contemplative air. It was the idea of Progress that caused the mischief. The men of the eighteenth century, full of classical traditions, were perpetually chastened by the knowledge that there had been better men than they were and that knowledge brought with it a standard of what life should be for full-grown men. The Victorians believed that, automatically, they were better than their fathers, as their sons (a doctrine they often failed to act on) would be better than they; they were without historical memories, which is the characteristic mark of childhood.

It is fortunate for us that Dickens was born in that age. At an earlier, more civilized time, he would have been thrust into an adult mould, alien to his genius; but in the society of children the most brilliant child was king. Dickens's novels are too good to have been written by any man; only that great child, weeping at the death of little Nell or chuckling over Mrs. Gamp, was uncritical enough to produce masterpieces. It matters not to us that Mr. Micawber is a portrait of Dickens's father, or Mrs. Nickleby of his mother; what matters is that they exist. Forster's 'Life' is therefore not an

essential companion to the novels, though an amusing enough pendant. But as a picture of the universal childishness of the Victorians it is invaluable. From the novels, one might believe that the childishness was in Dickens alone; from the 'Life' it is clear that it was in the age.

Mr. Ley, a well-known authority on Dickens and everything associated with him, has here provided—in somewhat expensive and unwieldy form—the definitive edition of the 'Life.' The new material which he has added, though harmless enough, is of a kind that Forster was too sensitive or too tactful to include. More interesting is the short memoir of Forster himself; a notice that the biographer, confidant and executor of so many great writers, well deserves.

CARICATURE

Caricature. By C. R. Ashbee. (Universal Art Series.) Chapman and Hall. 21s.

TO define caricature is a task of such complexity that we may pass from one authority to another, accepting and rejecting, and discover nothing really to content us except a personal description which is liable at any moment to fade and reform in accordance with our appreciation of a particular drawing or our outlook upon any given question. The line between general satire and true caricature is constantly wavering: it is impossible to rule it. To mention two of the authors ignored by Mr. Ashbee, Francis Grose, one of the earliest English writers on the subject, said in 1788 that the aggravated deviation from European ideas of beauty formed caricature, adding that "it is always best to keep within the bounds of probability." M. Remy de Gourmont, more than a century later, observed: "La caricature, ou ce que



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nous appelons ainsi, n'est qu'un procédé de déformation, dont les miroirs convexes ou concaves nous donnent les types les plus ingénus"—the alternative giving us a wide margin for personal preference. Not thinking apparently of caricature at all, Conrad, in 'Nostromo,' speaks of "putting the face of a joke upon the body of a truth," which is at least a neat description of an aspect of this art.

From internal evidence it would seem that Mr. Ashbee's book was compiled some years ago. It embodies, for example, a list of caricaturists based on one in an issue of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' which has long been obsolete, and the author not only omits any reference to some of the younger men, British and foreign, both of a popular and a narrow range of esteem, but to such masters of caricature as Isabey, Pellegrini ("Ape" of *Vanity Fair*), Spy, Léandre, Sem, and others; just as his bibliography fails to include those authors mentioned above, J. P. Malcolm and other indispensable writers on the subject. This would matter less were the author's conception of caricature more strictly bound by Murray's definition of the word which he gives as a starting point, for in that case the sense of proportion would not be so evidently lacking. But in the end Mr. Ashbee tends, like the writers of the nineteenth century, to embrace the whole of comic art, hailing, as it were, Max and Gulbransson as the brethren of Du Maurier and Baumer. They are not. It is difficult to find a formula for their essential difference, though the distinction between their æsthetic merits is shatteringly obvious.

Again—"There are French critics," he tells us, "who would rank Keene with Daumier and Gavarni." If that is true, then there are French pastrycooks who would add four pounds of butter to four o'clock. "Your great caricaturist is both historian and philosopher," he declares, and rightly. "He achieves through sympathetic laughter," this author continues, and the adjective cries aloud for justification.

Mr. Ashbee does, however, help us to appreciate the purposes of the art when he says that "Caricature in portraiture moves like a snowball, enlarging as it goes, and taking a shape and a truth of its own. At first it emphasizes some particular feature, and little by little as it develops in reduplication it departs more and more from the norm—the actual lines of the face—and yet it may be as true as the best portrait." Instances come to mind: Max's method of dealing with Professor Rothenstein, enlarging the enormous hand (which in life is small) to indicate energy; the uses of the Triple Crown in the Reformation caricatures; the stomachs of Gilray's grandees. We may call it development in reduplication or hammering on the same note, as we please, but the result is undeniably effective and is often true. (It should be remembered, though, that this reiteration used as a political weapon is often grotesquely unfair, as the caricatures and cartoons in any strongly partisan newspaper will almost daily inform the reader.)

A new wide survey of satirical art, well illustrated, has long been overdue. This book has over one hundred reproductions of paintings, drawings, and lithographs and they are in the main well chosen: but, excepting some happy observations regarding grossness in caricature, which he defends, Mr. Ashbee is conservative without being catholic and arranges his material as clumsily as does Edouard Fuchs, while he lacks Fuchs's inspiration. The author's knowledge may well be called encyclopædic, but, as already shown, the encyclopædia was out of date. He reproduces a lithograph of Daumier, which shows two artists at work: "Le premier copie la nature, le second copie le premier." Mr. Ashbee, who tells us that his book is the outcome of an evening at the Art Workers' Guild and admits that "what follows . . . is not all my own," would have done well to bear that lesson from Daumier in mind.

WORLD HISTORIES

Letters to Hilary. By Stephen King-Hall. Benn. 8s. 6d.

The Stream of History. By Geoffrey Parsons. Scribners. 21.

AT the age of eighty-three Ranke began a universal history which he completed in seventeen volumes. Someone said that if he was the first of universal historians he was certainly the last. This double-edged remark drew attention to the increasing difficulties of the universal historian, and those difficulties have certainly not become less in the present century. Yet quite a number of writers have recently attempted the apparently impossible task of writing a history of the world. Perhaps we are approaching a new age of universal histories. The courage of these writers must be admired, if their success is necessarily imperfect. And their faith in history is greater than that of Raleigh, who abandoned his history of the world when he found it impossible to find out the truth about a row in the yard of his prison, even though he was able to question everyone concerned.

The books written by Mr. King-Hall and Mr. Parsons illustrate afresh the difficulties of the task. The former tries to tell the story of the world from a world point of view in a series of letters to a child of ten. It is an extremely creditable effort, and achieves a distinct measure of success. It is occasionally tendentious. And it is doubtful how far "writing down" to children, however discreetly and cheerfully it is done, is really the best method. Mr. King-Hall starts off cheerfully with "Hullo!" instead of "Dear Hilary," but the child who notices that he is being treated as a child may resent it. On the other hand the book is sincere, intelligent, and calculated to provoke further interest.

Mr. Parsons makes a similar attempt for "grown-ups"—though not, of course, in letter form. The scope

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of his book is even more ambitious than Mr. King-Hall's. There have been people before whose books begin with the amoeba and end yesterday. Mr. Parsons begins before the birth of the earth. He has an effective way of conveying the proportions of time in the section headed 'If Eons were Days,' which concludes with the sentence, "The whole story of historic man, from Ancient Egypt to the Great War, passes in the last twenty-three seconds of this Fifth Day." He is interesting, too, in his attempt to give some idea of how primitive man may have thought, drawing on the results of the study of primitive man to-day. Language is an excellent clue for this purpose, and he quotes examples showing the complex precision and concreteness of primitive tongues:

Thus, if a Pouka Indian wishes to say that "a man has killed a rabbit," he picks out a form of the verb and surrounds it with particles which include all these ideas: that the killer was a man, that he was one man, that he was an animate being, that he was standing, that he killed the rabbit intentionally, that he killed it with an arrow (or however he did it), that the rabbit was one rabbit, that it was an animate being, that it was sitting down (or however the rabbit was at the time).

The proportions and arrangement of the book are open to criticism. Less than one-third is devoted to the period from the Renaissance to the twentieth century. The Reformation is dealt with under the former head. We do not reach "Rome" till more than halfway through the book. And there are inaccuracies in detail. Frederick the Great did not seize Silesia in 1748. It is misleading to refer the partition of Africa to the decade 1890-1900. And was the age of Louis XIV wholly uncreative?

However, criticism of this kind is too easy. Mistakes can hardly be avoided when such an immense range is attempted, while on matters of opinion there will be some disagreement. Let us conclude by pointing to some better features, such as the amount of space devoted to the early civilizations and to the 'Rise of the East,' which is comparatively large.

While such works as these are necessarily imperfect, all attempts to see the history of the world as a whole have value, and to essay such a difficult task in a book for children is especially commendable. And "grown-ups" may enjoy reading both these books.

"GENTLEMAN JOHNNY"

Gentleman Johnny Burgoyne. By F. J. Hudleston. Cape. 12s. 6d.

IF Gentleman Johnny Burgoyne was not quite the brilliant, incisive wit, and inspired prophet, that Mr. Bernard Shaw has made of him, he was, at any rate, an unusually charming person, a man of the world, with polished manners, a little inclined to theatricality, but good-natured enough to own a host of friends, and as a general conspicuous for the fatherly interest he took in the comfort of his men, with whom he was immensely popular. Rations were always good in Burgoyne's armies, and if it were true that soldiers could win battles on their stomachs America might be no more than a self-governing dominion to-day. Instead, we have a statue of Washington in Trafalgar Square, and it has been unkindly suggested that the grateful Americans should respond by setting up one of General Burgoyne in New York. Mr. Hudleston would not agree to that: he would prefer one of Lord George Germain. And he is right, for there can be no doubt that America owes her liberty more to the British Minister than to the generals.

This delightful, scholarly book is not, however, a mere defence of Burgoyne. Mr. Hudleston makes no attempt to excuse his strategy in that fatal advance from Canada to Saratoga. Burgoyne "saw the whole affair as a stage play, to end with a triumphant third act in which he would take the centre of the stage, with George III and North in the background, bow-

ing their acknowledgments to the general who had suppressed the rebellion and brought the colonists to their knees and their senses." He never saw that the Indians and Canadian irregulars would be useless in such a campaign. He allowed his army to be encumbered with unnecessary baggage—and baggages too! When questioned about the women with the expedition, Colonel Kingston, the quartermaster, replied affably that he "knew very little of their beauty or their numbers." Asked further whether they were "more of impediment or of comfort to the King's troops," he answered gallantly that he had never heard anyone describe them as an impediment. Officers could reply like that to Burgoyne. But for the final and fatal mistake—the failure to effect a juncture with Howe's army of the South—"Gentleman Johnny" is not to blame. The first villain here is Germain, for holding up Howe's instructions, and the second is Howe, for not having the intelligence to make so obvious a move on his own responsibility.

But the real charm of this book lies not in its history, which is sound enough, but in the entertaining and convincing picture which it gives us of Gentleman Johnny and his times—and in the witty and often irrelevant diversions on all manner of serious topics with which the author has enlivened his text. The late Mr. Hudleston (he unfortunately died just before this book appeared) was for many years librarian at the War Office, and he had what may be called the librarian's mind. Everything he writes reminds him of something he has somewhere read. There is a background of good-humoured cynicism, the outcome of much knowledge, against which the rather pompous figure of "Gentleman Johnny" struts delightfully. "After all," says Mr. Hudleston, "he was such a good fellow that one hates to laugh at him." If his oratory was tedious and his posturing ridiculous, he showed, in later life, that he was not without wit. One of his



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plays—he wrote dozens—was even ascribed to Sheridan. Out of another, 'The Heiress,' he made a large sum of money, for those days. Even Horace Walpole, who disliked Burgoyne, was pleased with 'The Heiress,' which he declared to be "the genteelst comedy in the English language"—in fact, just the play we should expect from "Gentleman Johnny."

FRESH FROM THE COW

This Generation. Vol. II, 1914-26. By Thomas Cox Meech. Chatto and Windus. 12s. 6d.

IN a creditable preface Mr. Cox Meech emphasizes that his book should only be judged in relation to its purpose, which is "to reach people of all ages and in every walk of life," and proceeds to outline his method of fulfilling that purpose. Foreign affairs are considered in so far as they affect home affairs and public opinion; the war is dealt with in detail only where its details affected national sentiment or the ultimate result; social, political, artistic, industrial or economic activities gain their places either by symptomatic quality or historical significance, history itself being treated as a daily process, with no attempt to subject it to the retrospective wisdom of Gibbon and Macaulay.

Mr. Meech, then, addresses himself to the backbone of England, and curiously enough he does not give us shivers up the spine. He rarely liberates an individual sentiment, and he controls his mass-sentiments with austerity. Mr. Edmund Blunden might find fault with a few of his adjectives—"in the shelter of their own shores" certainly "surrounded by explosive mines, the German navy rode sullenly at anchor"—but he wisely limits himself to a picturesque background, giving the facts with unexceptionable impartiality. His point of view certainly makes his process rather narrowly selective—he leaves out every intellectual movement which has not penetrated to the middle classes while often illogically including political developments by which they are equally unaffected. Fascism arrives in 1925, when the incident of Harry Pollitt's kidnapping "attracted attention to a foreign movement which had hitherto occasioned little interest"; altogether it receives about a page in a book of 370 pages. Bolshevism of course gets a better showing. As regards painting, "the annual exhibition in Burlington House registers the progress of art," while drama, poetry and fiction are summarized in a businesslike manner, considering that Chapter 48 deals with 'Empire Exhibition, Poetry, Finance.'

Mr. Meech knows his audience as well as they know their semi-detached houses, and he never strikes an unhealthy note. In the sense that perfection is the absolute achievement of purpose we say, hesitantly, that Mr. Cox Meech has achieved it. His book reminds us of those precise charts of their own minds which the early sailors and cartographers unconsciously left us in their maps, though it is a little discreet about showing us the devils. It may well become a happy hunting-ground for future historians, recapturing for them the opinions and, above all, the assumptions of the mass of contemporary Englishmen. If we must have history fresh from the cow, before it can be churned into historical perspective, there is much to be said for this kind of handling. We are almost tempted by Mr. Meech's perfection to suggest that he should deal with the future of our masters as he has dealt with their past, projecting the remainder of their generation on intuition unsustained by their company, and to urge him in the words of the fondly quoted Mr. Stanley Baldwin, "to go on with faith into the future." A prophecy based on such an intimacy with the English people, instead of on external invention or political and economic theory, might prove of more than ordinary interest.

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NEW FICTION

By L. P. HARTLEY

- Comfortless Memory.* By Maurice Baring. Heinemann. 6s.
Farewell to Youth. By Storm Jameson. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.
Soldier of Waterloo. By Conal O'Riordan. Collins. 7s. 6d.
The Assassin. By Liam O'Flaherty. Cape. 7s. 6d.

'COMFORTLESS MEMORY,' like so many of Mr. Maurice Baring's stories, is concerned with a *femme fatale*. The subject is this. The narrator, who has just made a European reputation with his novel, 'The Silver Pound,' is staying in Italy with his wife. Among their friends is a much younger man, Charles, a painter. Great things are expected of his talent. But he has fallen in love with Jenny True, a woman whose life is always full. (Full, in this context, seems to mean full of lovers.) The narrator, St. Clair—it is odd how any name, whether Christian or surname, seems too definite a label to attach to one of Mr. Baring's characters—decides to cure the callow Charles of his infatuation, which, as they think, is hindering his work, by giving him an "object lesson": an object lesson, that is, in the readiness of Jenny True to bestow her favour on any newcomer. So he deliberately makes love to her.

All sorts of complications ensue, none of them foreseen by St. Clair. First, Jenny falls in love with him, then he with her: but Charles, who was to have profited by the "comedy," regains neither his happiness nor his heart: on the contrary, he sees through St. Clair's behaviour and bitterly upbraids him with his treachery. The "row" between them—a scene for its violence surely almost without parallel in Mr. Baring's work—is excellently described: Charles, youthful, unreasonable, and wanting in self-control; St. Clair, middle-aged, sophisticated and skilful in the manipulation of soothing words. Their friendship snaps, but worse follows. Jenny learns of St. Clair's real motive for making love to her, and her whole being suffers a blow from which it never recovers.

'Comfortless Memory' is more concise than most of Mr. Baring's work, more dramatic and written at a higher emotional pitch. The climax is as successful as it is startling. Where the book is least convincing is in the character of Jenny herself. Like the lady in Browning's poem, she is represented as a light woman, and spoken of as such. But Mr. Baring never lets us hear more than the rumour of her disreputability; as he presents her she is a charming hostess, a little tired by the legion of her admirers,

but almost angelic in her toleration of and tact with them. If she is light it is a kind of lightness which, as the wise and worldly-wise Abbé tells St. Clair, will waft her quickly to heaven. Thus the moral problem, which Mr. Baring rather insists upon, is not very interesting. Nor can we see that St. Clair is really blameworthy: after his mistake in making love to Jenny he feels himself entirely in the wrong, and he is left with the coldest comfort: "Let it be enough for you that I am sorry for you," is all the consolation the Abbé will afford him. But for the sake of its narrative, its picture of the life of a cosmopolitan colony in Italy, and for its profound, beautiful sadness, 'Comfortless Memory' is very well worth reading.

Miss Storm Jameson has so much talent that it is more than a pity when she has to squander it, as in 'Farewell to Youth,' on a theme that is only moderately interesting to her and to us. The main characters, Nat and his two wives, Denny and Ann, are excellent. He was not a bigamist. He married, at the beginning of the war, while still very young, an odious but beautiful young woman. She thought of nothing but saving her skin—not from danger but from decay. She disliked her husband's poverty and could not make both ends meet with the allowance he gave her; so finally she asked him to divorce himself and leave her free to marry his best friend. Poverty is perhaps the ruling force of the book—it hampered Nat continually, spoilt his temper and made him dependent on an older generation, whose patronage exasperated him. Ann Sellers, gentle, intelligent and infinitely self-forgetful, comes to comfort him. Nat is much more convincing than his environment—the old house to which his father had sacrificed so much, his mother whose many well-observed traits do not quite make a character, and his father who had been a Cabinet Minister, but whose hands were too clean for war-time politics. Miss Jameson's gift lies in discovering that hard core round which a personality grows. She knows exactly where to find it and how to suggest its presence: her people are never so real as when quarrelling or making love to each other, for it is then that their militant individuality makes itself most strongly felt. No modern novelist writes love-scenes better than Miss Jameson; they are a glorification and an intensification of life and make one realize why people want to fall in love. But upon impersonal and abstract subjects, the war, the world of politics, the relationship between old and young, Miss Jameson's grasp is less secure. When emotion is needed she can always supply it; but when she emotionalizes the world of affairs she seems to get its perspective wrong.

Good historical novelists are rare, but Mr. Conal O'Riordan is certainly one of them. What a relief is his discreet, sparing use of historical detail and colour after the laborious erudition of Herr Lion Feuchtwanger! Of Dublin and London and the Battle of Waterloo, he observes just as much, and the same sort

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of things, as a contemporary would have done. To some extent, it is true, he exalts the setting above the characters. David Quinn, his friend Tony Dazincourt, Ruth Irwin, Princess Charlotte and the rest are broadly rather than minutely drawn; figures in a pageant, whose gestures are slightly stylized and are characteristic of an epoch as well as of an individual.

Compared with most novelists of to-day, Mr. O'Riordan is reticent about the private lives of his characters: his treatment is generally objective, he scarcely says more about them than they would be prepared to say about themselves: whereas most modern novels read like one long breach of confidence. Mr. O'Riordan is a most engaging writer; one could never say of him with certainty that this or that effect is outside his scope; for his imagination, though not specially vivid or powerful, has a long flight and is full of curiosity. Its working is particularly noticeable in the dialogue, which, so far as is compatible with the needs of the story and the slightly archaic turn of speech, always follows its natural bent. David Quinn, his affections still divided between Ruth and Princess Charlotte, joins the Halberdiers, fights at Waterloo, suffers a terrible face-wound and has to wear a mask. At this point the story, so to speak, changes gear, forsakes the smooth paths of history and turns into a rough pathological track. David Quinn's disfigurement, rather than David Quinn, takes charge of the action; and the incidents, out of sympathy, become bizarre and horrible. To leave David hunting for the North-West Passage is an inconclusive ending: we look eagerly for the third volume of the Quinn trilogy.

'The Assassin' is a tale of the kind with which Mr. O'Flaherty has made us familiar; Dublin in the aftermath of the rebellion, full of informers, policemen, and murderers. McDara is not a common murderer; he obscurely feels he owes it to himself to commit a deed of blood. Dostoevski would have illuminated his troubled mind with flashes of moral beauty: Mr. O'Flaherty never properly elucidates his motives or relates his mania to normal behaviour. But he shows all his old skill in evoking the tension and horror which precede and contrive murder, and the act itself is a little masterpiece of imaginative writing. His insight into the sensations of criminals, the way their eyes bulge, their skins tingle, and their blood runs cold, is truly extraordinary.

SHORTER NOTICES

Arthur Lionel Smith. By his Wife. Murray. 15s.

A. L. SMITH was a great figure in Oxford and one of the greatest Masters of Balliol since Wycliffe. His energy was incredible and so also was his generosity. As a tutor he was brilliantly successful. As a lecturer, at least in his later years, he was rather shy in manner if interesting in his matter. He was associated with many movements and did much in particular for the Workers' Educational Association. And he was a man of considerable influence. Those whose knowledge of him was confined to his later years must believe that they did not know him at his best. It is recorded in this book that some people made him feel shy and uncomfortable. Sometimes, perhaps, his own attitude to individuals may have seemed to be one which showed rather too impersonal an interest; but this belonged to a period of failing health. He had a sense of humour which is well illustrated by the story of his remark after reading the testimonials of the first batch of Rhodes Scholars: "What are we to do? Every one of these men appears to be a cross between the Archangel Gabriel and C. B. Fry!"

These reminiscences, if they have the merits and defects one would expect, form an interesting and useful record.

The Early History of Tasmania. By R. W. Giblin. Methuen 21s.

MR. GIBLIN divides the history of Tasmania into three parts: "the geographical era," dating from the discovery of the island in 1642, to the years 1803 and 1804, when the first settlements were formed; the "penal establishment era," lasting from 1804 to the recall of Governor Arthur in 1836; and finally "the progressive era" which represents the changes that have occurred since then. Only the first, and, as many people will think, the most interesting and inspiring of these periods, is dealt with in the present volume. No book could be dull which includes an account of the career of that picturesque "ranker" hero,

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Not Alms but an Opportunity has been the cry so often heard by our Workers amongst the desolate Armenian Refugees— "Give us a chance."

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Gifts for general relief, orphan support, and rescue work as well as Land Settlement should be sent to Captain G. F. GRACEY, D.S.O., General Secretary.

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THE Committee of the Poor Clergy Relief Corporation earnestly ask for CONTRIBUTIONS TO THEIR FUND, which is at a very low ebb, for GRANTING HELP TO COUNTRY CLERGYMEN and to those in provincial towns suffering from overwork and weakened health, to enable them to obtain a few weeks' rest and change. Cases are frequent where for six, eight or ten years—sometimes even longer—a Clergyman has not had a single Sunday from his Parish. It is requested that all sums sent for this special purpose may be marked "Holiday Fund."

Cheques should be crossed "Westminster Bank, Ltd." and made payable to

MANDEVILLE P. PHILLIPS, Secretary.

Tasman, whose figure stands out almost alone in the rather dismal history of mid-seventeenth-century exploration; of solid Captain Cook, so typical of the genius of a later age; and which includes, without too wide a cast of the author's net, such famous stories as that of the mutiny on the *Bounty*. Mr. Giblin intends to go on and complete the two further volumes, and we wish him all success in his venture, into which he has already put a great deal of work with excellent results.

Saunterings in London. By Leopold Wagner. Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d.

MR. LEOPOLD WAGNER is already well known as an authority on the inns and taverns of London. In this book he has carried his researches farther afield. The tavern is not forgotten, but the temple comes in for some share of consideration. Mr. Wagner writes with a freshness and a gusto that go far to redeem the crudities of his style. His book is full of curious information: for instance, that the old Bow Street Runners received their name, "not because they were always on the run, but in allusion to scarlet-runners"; that Poppins Court, the little byway of Fleet Street, "perpetuates the sign of an ancient tavern, after an inn or hostel of the Abbots of Cirencester." His saunterings extend from the regions round St. Paul's Cathedral to Marylebone and St. John's Wood, and embrace Dockland and Chinatown, Bermondsey and Rotherhithe, Bloomsbury, Pimlico and "the road to Edgware." There is an interesting chapter on Clubland, and in another memories are recalled of that now transformed corner of London which was known as "Seven Dials." The book is amply illustrated.

Day in, Day out. By Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond. The Bodley Head. 12s. 6d.

ONE of Mrs. Le Blond's best stories concerns the narrow limits within which the fame of even our greatest celebrities is confined. She had asked Mr. Bernard Shaw to luncheon at a leading London restaurant, and, as he was late, she asked the porter to look out for him and show him to her table. "And who is Mr. Bernard Shaw?" asked the porter coldly. In the same way, there may be people who, on reading the title of this book, will enquire "Who is Mrs. Le Blond?" But, whereas the first enquiry is of the kind that may be passed off as a judge's joke, the second belongs to that class of question which no one can afford to ask. Mrs. Le Blond's book opens with an account of the adventurous career of her first husband, Colonel Fred Burnaby, the writer and explorer, who was the first man to cross the Channel in a balloon since the eighteenth century. The War Office, by the way, sent him a severe little note on that occasion for having absented himself from England for a few hours without leave. He was killed at Abu Klea. Mrs. Le Blond herself became known for her courageous Alpine ascents in Switzerland, at a time when few women were allowed even to attempt such things. Afterwards she travelled extensively, and knows Cairo as well as Switzerland, Petrograd as well as Hollywood. She has had a wide experience of people and places and takes a kind of bland interest in them all. And, what is still more exceptional, she writes of people living or recently dead with discretion and taste.

The Diaries of Mary Countess of Meath. Edited by her Husband. Hutchinson. 21s.

THIS is a worthy record of a beautiful and beneficent life. Lady Meath shrank from the public eye; "she hated self-advertisement and the modern methods of attracting public attention to human activities." But few women in our time have done more to bring happiness and consolation into those drab and humble lives that escape the notice of the philanthropist who likes to blow a trumpet before his almsgiving. Her most signal success was in the foundation of the Brabazon Employment Society, which she originated nearly fifty years ago with the object of providing interesting occupation for those who, from age or ill-health, are compelled to pass long months of idleness in workhouses and infirmaries. Only people who are in the habit of visiting such institutions can tell how much has been done by Lady Meath and her numerous followers to lighten the load of weary hours for innocent sufferers. Lord Meath has compiled a most attractive volume from Lady Meath's diaries and letters down to the end of 1900, and we are confident that all its readers will await with interest the completion of this memorial of one who did so much to alleviate the lot of the disinherited of modern civilization.

Policing the Top of the World. By Herbert Patrick Lee. The Bodley Head. 8s. 6d.

THERE is a fascination about narratives dealing with police and crime which is doubled when the scene of the story is laid in the remoter portions of the earth. Here is the record of a policeman whose work was carried on for two years in "thrilling regions of thick ribbed ice," thousands of miles away from civilization and dependent for the most part upon his own resources. The author joined the Canadian Mounted Police in 1922 as a private and, with two other companions, was despatched to Ellesmere Land, the most northern point in Canada, within four hundred miles of the North Pole. His adventures in those lonely regions make good reading. There are stories of Eskimos, of blizzards, of the hunting of polar bears and the trapping of foxes. It is a record of noble hardihood and of almost insuperable obstacles triumphantly overcome, and the writer's brisk and vivid style adds a zest to the narrative.

NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE

Notice under this heading does not preclude or prejudice subsequent review. Where a book is not yet published, the date of publication is added in parentheses.

ESSAYS AND BELLES-LETTRES

- THE GENTLEMAN'S RECREATION. By Nicholas Cox. The Cresset Press. 12s. 6d. Limited Edition. (June 21.)
THE WAY OF THE WORLD. By William Congreve. The Haymarket Press. 21s. Limited Edition.
THINGS TO COME. By John Middleton Murry. Cape. 7s. 6d.
THE PAGANISM IN OUR CHRISTIANITY. By Arthur Weigall. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.
ENGLISH PROSE STYLE. By Herbert Read. Bell. 9s.
THE ETERNAL QUEST. By Cyril Harrison. Daniel. 4s. 6d.
HANNO, OR THE FUTURE OF EXPLORATION. By J. Leslie Mitchell. Kegan Paul. 2s. 6d.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

- LORD READING. By C. J. C. Street. Bles. 10s. 6d.
THE ORIGINS OF THE LEAGUE COVENANT. By Florence Wilson. The Hogarth Press. 10s. 6d.
DAVID LIVINGSTONE. By Charles J. Finger. Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d.
MEDICINE AND DUTY. By Harold Dearden. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.
THOMAS DAY. By Sir Michael Sadler. Cambridge University Press. 2s. 6d.

VERSE AND DRAMA

- THREE SHORT PLAYS. By Eden Phillpotts. Duckworth. 2s. 6d. and 3s.
THE SILVER TASSIE. By Sean O'Casey. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.
PLAYS. By Lennox Robinson. Macmillan. 10s. 6d.
IN PINK, IN GREEN, AND IN SOMBER GREY. By Henry Verdon Baines. Fowler Wright. 3s. 6d.

FICTION

- THE CHILDERMASS. By Wyndham Lewis. Section I. Chatto and Windus. 8s. 6d. Limited Edition. 21s. (June 21.)
THE BONNEY FAMILY. By Ruth Suckow. Cape. 7s. 6d.
THE RUNAWAYS. By George A. Birmingham. Methuen. 7s. 6d.
SHORT CIRCUITS. By Stephen Leacock. The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.
THE BROKEN MARRIAGE. By Sinclair Murray. Murray. 7s. 6d.
THE LIVES AND DEATHS OF ROLAND GREER. By Richard Pyke. Cobden-Sanderson. 7s. 6d. (June 20.)
KNEE DEEP IN DAISIES. By Philip Macer-Wright. Benn. 7s. 6d.
EAST ALL THE WAY. By J. G. Lockhart. Benn. 7s. 6d. (June 22.)
THE WHITE CAMELIA. By Francis D. Grierson. Bles. 7s. 6d.
GENERAL CRACK. By George Preedy. The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.
HIS ELIZABETH. By Elswyth Thane. Murray. 6s.
BUGLES IN THE NIGHT. By Barry Benefield. Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d.
THE THREE COUSINS. By Geoffrey Moss. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.
THE HOUSE OF FAITH. By Maurice G. Kiddy. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS

- JUSTICE FOR HUNGARY. By Various Writers. Longmans. 21s.
THE STATION. By Robert Byron. Duckworth. 18s.
FOUNDATIONS OF ENGLISH OPERA. By Edward J. Dent. Cambridge University Press. 12s. 6d.
THE SYMBOLIC PROCESS AND ITS INTEGRATION IN CHILDREN. By John F. Markey. Kegan Paul. 10s. 6d.

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7. Vale of Llangollen, Snowdon, Lleyn Peninsula, and the Cambrian Coast.

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Company Meeting

ANTOFAGASTA (CHILI) AND BOLIVIA RAILWAY

CURRENT YEAR'S GOOD PROGRESS

Mr. A. W. Bolden, Chairman and managing director, presiding
at the FORTIETH ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the Antofagasta
(Chili) and Bolivia Railway Company, Ltd., held on June 12, at
Winchester House, Old Broad Street, London, E.C., said that
despite a loss in gross receipts of £172,456 compared with the
year 1926 the Board had the satisfaction of being able to record
a reduction of £190,320 in the working expenses. Gross receipts
from the railway and waterworks for the past year of £1,689,970
left them with a margin of profit of £634,627, whereas gross
receipts of £1,862,426 in 1926 returned a net profit of £616,763.

He thought that the traffic position had continued to improve
during the last few years from the point of view that other
traffics were providing increased percentages of the whole, com-
pared with former years, when nitrate represented such a large
percentage of the company's traffic. The considerable reduction
in working expenses was not brought about by sacrificing the
condition and general upkeep of the property. For years past
they had endeavoured to keep abreast of the times with regard
to facilities for traffic operation, and expenditure incurred under
that head was bearing fruit.

The Board recommended a final dividend on the consolidated
Ordinary stock of 4 per cent., making 7 per cent. for the year.
The balance sheet was a clean one and reflected the very careful
financial policy which had been followed for so many years past.
The nitrate position to-day undoubtedly looked much healthier
than it did a year or so ago.

The gross receipts for the period January 1 to June 3 of the
current year showed a satisfactory increase of £111,000 as com-
pared with the corresponding period of 1927. Whether that rate
of increase would continue depended to a great extent on con-
ditions for the nitrate industry. If the present position was main-
tained the company's receipts from nitrate traffic should certainly
be better than last year; on the other hand, if metal prices con-
tinued as at present they might not see any improvement in the
receipts derived from the transport of tin and copper.

The report was unanimously adopted.

- HINDU MYSTICISM. By S. N. Dasgupta. The Open Court Company. 10s.
 TRADITION AND MODERNITY IN PLASTERWORK. By Sir Lawrence Weaver. Jackson. 7s. 6d.
 THE WARFARE OF RECONCILIATION. By John S. Hoyland. Allen and Unwin. 5s.
 THE LURE OF THE HILLS. Selected by F. H. Lee. Harrap. 3s. 6d.
 THE INCARNATION AND THE CHURCH. By the Rev. John Douglas. Melrose. 2s.
 FREELANCE JOURNALISM. By Victor Hyde. Allen and Unwin. 2s.
 SEEKING THE WAY TO HEAVEN. Edited by Henry Pickering. Pickering and Inglis. 3s.
 JESUS IS COMING. By W. E. Blackstone. Pickering and Inglis. 3s.
 JOURNAL D'UN POÈTE. Par Alfred de Vigny. Revue et Augmentée par Fernand Baldensperger. The Scholartis Press. 7s. 6d.

ACROSTICS

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 326

OLD CHAMPIONS WE AND PEOPLE OF RENOWN
 WHOSE EFFIGIES ARE SHOWN IN LONDON TOWN.
 GUILDHALL CONTAINS US; BUT, ALTHOUGH SO FAMED,
 PLEASE NOTE, WE'RE VERY OFTEN WRONGLY NAMED.

1. Out of one mouth with blessing this proceeds.
2. A paladin renowned for doughty deeds.
3. Our winter visitor and passing guest.
4. For pointing pens a substance of the best.
5. To me a mighty river lends its name.
6. Of German bards the greatest spread my fame.
7. Its Mysteries thrilled the fair in days of yore.
8. Flavour it gives to what had none before.

Solution of Acrostic No. 324

R	otcirtsnoc-a	B	1 "Amram took him Jochebed his
E	xod	Us ¹	father's sister to wife; and she bare
D	amose	L ²	him Aaron and Moses."
B	ril	L ³	Exod. vi. 20.
R	iffraf	F	2 Dante Gabriel Rossetti's well-known
IE	nt	II	picture, <i>The Blessed Damosel</i> , was
A	cor	N ⁴	painted in 1877.
S		Cot	3 One of the flat-fishes, <i>Pleuronectes</i>
T	hate	H	<i>rhombus</i> , most abundant on our
			southern coasts.
			4 <i>Cor</i> , Latin for heart.

ACROSTIC No. 324.—The winner is Mr. E. W. Fox, 69 Treasillian Road, S.E.4, who has selected as his prize 'The Ruined Abbeys of Great Britain,' by Ralph Adams Cram, published by Harrap and reviewed by us on June 2. Eleven other competitors named this book, 19 chose 'The Russian Revolution,' 16 'Tales from Greenery Street,' 11 'Baghdad in Bygone Days,' 9 'John Bunyan,' etc., etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—A. E., Armadale, Miss D. E. Baker, Barberry, E. Barrett, Miss Bayley, A. de V. Balthwayt, Mrs. Rosa H. Boothroyd, Brevis, Mrs. Robt. Brown, Boskerris, Mrs. J. Butler, Miss Carter, Ceyx, J. Chambers, Clam, A. W. Cooke, Coque, Maud Crowther, Dhualt, Dolmar, Ebor, Estela, Falcon, Farsdon, Cyril E. Ford, Rev. E. P. Gatty, Gay, Glamis, G. H. Hammond, Iago, Jeff, Jop, J. T. O., Kirkton, John Lennie, Lilian, Lorrage, The Countess of Lovelace, J. Leslie MacCallum, Madge, Margaret, Martha, A. M. W. Maxwell, J. F. Maxwell, Met, George W. Miller, M. I. R., Miss Moore, H. de R. Morgan, Lady Mottram, J. S. Murray, N. O. Sellam, Perky, Peter, F. M. Petty, Mrs. J. Pohteyan, Pussy, Miss R. Ransom, Rand, Rho Kappa, Sensei, Shorwell, Stucco, Sisyphus, St. Ives, Tadpole, Hon. R. G. Talbot, C. J. Warden, Charles Watson, Mrs. Violet G. Wilson, Yendu, Zyk.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—Ape, Carlton, D. L., Sir Reginald Egerton, G. M. Fowler, Hanworth, W. P. James, Quis, Rabbits, Spyella, Capt. W. R. Wolsley.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Twylford.

ST. IVES.—Judges sometimes have their decisions reversed, and unfortunately I have to give mine promptly and without hearing arguments pro and con. Possibly I ought to have accepted Golden-eye. But why assume that a bird so called is a duck rather than a drake? Very glad our Acrostics give you so much pleasure week by week, in spite of your long run of ill-luck.

SISYPHUS.—I maintain that if a cyclist (for example) turns his head round while he is moving fast, then he is guilty of more than carelessness. His act may cause his own death or that of an innocent pedestrian, and folly (or foolishness) is a mild word for it. "Safety first!" is too indefinite a warning; "Look where you're going!" might prevent many an accident.

MOTORING

BY W. H. STIRLING

AT Brooklands last week I watched the two-litre six-cylinder 15.9 h.p. Rover demonstrate its good qualities. Going down from London, along the New Kingston by-pass road, a steady 46 to 50 miles per hour was maintained without the slightest effort, and in the straight stretches the speedometer showed well over 60 miles per hour. At this pace the car held the road very well. No vibration was noticeable, nor did the engine appear to have any period. The clutch, which is built up with three plates having cork insets, is sweet though positive in action. Power is conveyed to the road wheels smoothly and silently, the gears being almost noiseless. The overhead valve engine, though rated at 15.9 h.p., develops well over 45 h.p. on the brake.

The tests undergone by the car—a standard one taken from stock—were as follows: To show the flexibility of the engine, the car was started up on top gear in a level place, the steering gear locked hard over, the driver got out and the car was left by itself to turn circles at a walking pace. Next, to show the reserve of power, another saloon car was towed up the test hill, which at its steepest parts is 1 in 4—the bottom speed ratio being 21.53 to 1, which is standard. Then came the clutch test. The car was sent up the hill, and when nearly at the top the clutch pedal was depressed and the car allowed to run backwards. The engine was then raced and the clutch let in, which quickly and effectually overcame the retardation, took up the drive, enabling the car easily to negotiate the gradient.

The braking power was demonstrated by two saloon models being held in the steepest parts of the hills by the brakes of one. The braking power on reverse was also tested with the same excellent results. The foot brake actuates all 4-wheel brakes; adjustment, when necessary, is rapid and simple. This type of car should appeal to the owner-driver. It is well sprung and well upholstered. The Saloon, with Weymann body, sells at the moderate figure of £425. With this car and the 10-25 h.p. model, the Rover Company can give entire satisfaction to the most exacting motorist.

* *

The Hillman Motor Car Co., Ltd., celebrated its twenty-first birthday last week, and may be said to have grown to extremely healthy maturity. The firm was founded in 1907 by William Hillman, who died a few years ago. The first entry in the books of the present Company relates to the entrance fee for the Tourist Trophy race, nearly twenty-one years ago. The car, after all these years of almost daily use, is still in good running order. Various models have been produced from time to time, but in 1925 the Hillman Fourteen first made its appearance. This model has grown extremely popular, combining, as it does, excellence of design and material at the most moderate price.

* *

Sir Alan Cobham, who has just returned to England, has completed a remarkable pioneer Empire air route survey flight of 23,000 miles. It is pleasant to learn that the Short-Rolls-Royce all-metal flying boat used by Sir Alan is equipped with B.T.H. magnetos. They were also used by him in his other flights. Captain Hinkler used B.T.H. magnetos, as did both Major Segrave and Captain Malcolm Campbell. We have no need to go abroad for magnetos.

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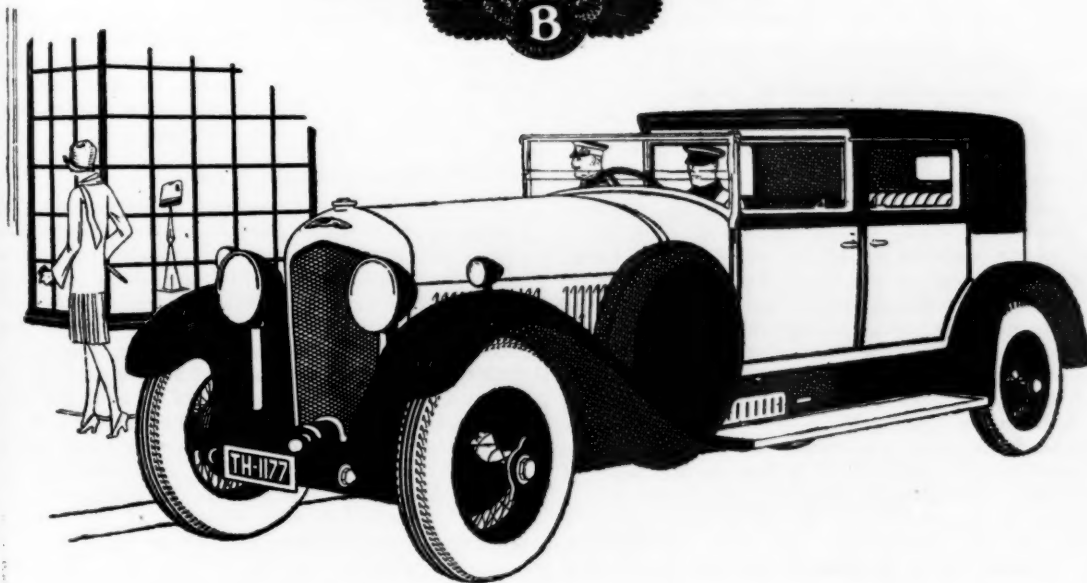
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THE CITY

Lombard Street, Thursday

THE rush of new issues which set in before Whitsun, and which stopped over the holiday period, has re-started. These can be divided into three classes. First, issues which can be described as really sound investments; secondly, issues which although speculative justify the appellation of investment; and thirdly, issues of a nondescript character which those responsible might consider investments, but which the cautious investor can only describe as ventures with doubtful prospects. Perusal of these prospectuses fills one with amazement at the courage of those who draw them up. There is little doubt that in twelve months' time there is bound to be a good deal of disappointment when the first balance sheets are presented. Among the really sound investments there have been two of late that have deservedly proved very popular with investors—the 5% first mortgage debenture stock issued by the Underground Electric Railways Company of London, and the Tokyo Electric bonds. Both these issues are thoroughly suitable as permanent investments, and those who secured an allotment should retain their holdings permanently. Among the more speculative investments, one of peculiar interest was the Far Eastern Photomaton Corporation, Limited. This Corporation, as its name denotes, has been formed to acquire the rights of the Photomaton machines for the East. The public offer took the form of 6 per cent. debentures issued at £85%, which debentures were unconditionally guaranteed as to principal, sinking fund and interest by the Photomaton Patent Corporation. Subscribers to these debentures were entitled to apply for and receive allotment of shares of no par value at 2s. 6d. per share. When dealings start in these shares they will probably stand considerably over the issued price, while in view of the guarantee which the debenture carries, in its class it appears an interesting investment; if the Photomaton machine really appeals to the native of India and China the profits the Corporation will make will enable the debenture to be paid off at par reasonably quickly. Investors should realize the undesirability of indiscriminate applications. Too many prospectuses are being issued to-day showing that a company has been formed to acquire an existing business, with no figures as to the past profits earned by the business to be acquired.

GOLD POLICY

I have so frequently pointed out that the tendency of gilt-edged stocks is to appreciate that it is particularly satisfactory to be able to state that, although business on the Stock Exchange has fallen off considerably, the gilt-edged market has continued an active centre with substantial all-round rises. The cause of this is the glut of money. On certain occasions this week it has been almost impossible to lend money. This state of affairs is apparently attributable to the gold policy adopted by the Midland Bank, who presumably are purchasing gold in America and selling it at a loss to the Bank of England. It savours of the impertinent for a financial writer to criticize the policy of so great a banker as the Governor of the Bank of England. Yet, it seems to me permissible to say that it is a

regrettable state of affairs for an institution such as the Midland Bank, not merely to differ from the policy of the central institution, but to endeavour to force its hands. Surely frank discussion in the bank parlour is more likely to achieve a satisfactory result. It would certainly be more dignified and more in accordance with the banking traditions of this country.

JOHN BARKER & CO.

Shareholders in John Barker & Company have been invited to attend an extraordinary general meeting to-day with the object of having placed before them resolutions with reference to the amendment of certain of their articles of association dealing with the remuneration of their directors. In the notice convening the meeting the directors state that the resolutions to be proposed are not acceptable to them, and explain that the meeting has been convened as a result of a previous meeting of shareholders called by Mr. G. Wright Bellamy, who held office for 14 years as secretary of John Barker's, but who left their employ on March 22 last. The procedure adopted in the present case is not likely to commend itself to the bulk of the shareholders. The definite opinion is expressed that in their own interests shareholders should most certainly support their directors.

MARVIN & CO.

There has been published this week, for information only, details of Marvin & Company (Brazil) Limited. The issued capital of this company consists of 290,000 8% cumulative participating preferred ordinary shares of £1 each and 300,000 deferred shares of 1s. each. The company was incorporated on May 29, 1928, to acquire and hold shares of the Sociedade Anonyma Marvin, of Rio de Janeiro, and to provide British control and capital for the further extension of that company's operations. 34,250 shares, out of a total issued capital of 40,000 shares, have already been acquired. The average net profits of S. A. Marvin for the four years from 1924 to 1927, calculated at the exchange of 6d. per milreis, amounted to £65,737. If this average is maintained, the amount attributable to the shares acquired by the English company would be £56,286 per annum. It will be seen, therefore, that the £1 preferred ordinary shares of this company possess decided attractions: in addition to their 8% they are entitled to half of any balance of profits which may be distributed in any one year.

HEPWORTH & GRANDAGE, LTD.

Investors desirous of acquiring an interest on a low-priced industrial share should not overlook the possibilities of Hepworth and Grandage's 10s. shares, which are procurable in the neighbourhood of 11s. 6d. This company carries on the business of manufacturing piston rings, pistons, cylinders, and other component parts of the internal-combustion engine, particularly for the motor trade. The Company at present is doing business with many of the principal motor manufacturers and engineers, and in addition is said to be doing good business with a very large number of suppliers of motor accessories. An interim dividend of 5% was paid last month to the half year ended March 31, and a further dividend of 10%, making 15% for the year, is anticipated by the market.

TAURUS

NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE
INSURANCE Co., Ltd. Total Funds Exceed £35,690,800. Total Income Exceeds £10,462,000
 LONDON: 61 Threadneedle Street, E.C.2 EDINBURGH: 64 Princes Street

PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

THE CONSOLIDATED TIN MINES OF BURMA, Limited.

Formed to acquire and work a group of 17 tin mines, situated in Burma all of which are producing at the present time.

CAPITAL - - £1,000,000

DIVIDED INTO

1,000,000 SHARES OF £1 EACH

AN OFFER FOR SALE

will be made on Monday next June 18th, of
350,000 Shares of £1 each at par.

The Offer for Sale Shows:

1. The principal properties are situated on the Central Granite Range within 24 miles of Tavoy, and are recognized to be the richest mineralized Tin Zone in Burma. The total area of all the properties is approximately 12,130 acres.

2. Although the Mines have been separately owned, and work has been carried on almost entirely without machinery by primitive native methods, the amounts of Concentrates produced from the Mines for the past three years were:—

1925	1,104 tons = 92 tons per month
1926	1,035 " = 86½ " " "
1927	1,110 " = 92½ " " "

It is estimated that from the outset the new organization will have an annual output of 2,000 tons of Concentrates, which should increase in two years to 4,000 tons per annum.

3. APPROXIMATE NETT PROFITS:

Annual Output	Price of Tin.		
	£225	£250	£275
2,000 tons of Concentrates	103,500	126,000	148,500
3,000 " " "	155,250	189,000	222,750
4,000 " " "	207,000	252,000	297,000

These figures take no credit for the profit derived from the sale of Wolfram, which should yield an additional Nett Revenue of £22,750 per annum.

4. The Burma Finance and Mining Company Limited have sold to The Consolidated Tin Mines of Burma Limited all their Mines and other assets entirely for shares in the Company. These assets include an up-to-date Separation Plant at Tavoy, Freehold Property and Building, etc., at Rangoon and Tavoy and £70,000 in cash and tin in transit.

DIRECTORS OF THE COMPANY:

Sir CYRIL KENDALL BUTLER, K.B.E., Director, Siamese Tin Syndicate, Ltd., & Bangrin Tin Dredging Company, Ltd. (Chairman).

Sir FRANK CECIL MEYER, Bart., M.P., Director, De Beers Consolidated Mines, Limited.

Major-General The Hon. Sir NEWTON MOORE, K.C.M.G., V.D., M.P., Director, Great Boulder Proprietary Gold Mines, Limited, and General Electric Company, Limited.

ROSS MACARTNEY, M.M.E., B.C.E., M.Inst.M.M.

LOCAL BOARD:

C. F. CLIFTON, Director of Burma Corporation, Limited.

G. W. WATSON, Director of Burma Finance & Mining Company, Ltd.

CONSULTING ENGINEERS:

PELLEW-HARVEY & CO., 59a, London Wall, E.C.2.

Copies of the Offer for Sale can now be obtained from National Provincial Bank, Limited, 15 Bishopsgate, E.C.2, and Branches; North of Scotland Bank, Limited, 3 and 4 Lothbury, E.C.2, and Branches; William Mortimer and Son, 3 Tokenhouse Buildings, E.C.2, and Stock Exchange; the Registered Offices of the Company, 4 Broad Street Place, E.C.2; and from the Burmese Mines Agency, Limited, Finsbury Circus House, E.C.2.

Company Meetings

BOOTH'S DISTILLERIES, LIMITED

BUSINESS EXPANDING: INCREASE OF CAPITAL APPROVED

The ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of Booth's Distilleries, Ltd., was held on June 14 at the Great Eastern Hotel, E.C.

Lord Lurgan, K.C., V.O. (the Chairman) said that the company had had a very satisfactory year's trading. With regard to the item of investments in subsidiary companies, after writing off £30,000 that asset stood at £239,426, as against £159,858, an increase which was more than accounted for by the acquisition of the whole of the share capital of C. Blundell and Co., Ltd. With regard to the writing off of £30,000, he did not wish that fact to convey the impression that the investments in subsidiary companies had been over-valued in the past, because that was not the case. With the exception of the Wandsworth Distillery, all the subsidiaries represented good value, and yielded satisfactory returns. Wandsworth had distinctly turned the corner and was working at a profit, which he was glad to say was steadily increasing. The profit and loss appropriation account showed a credit balance of £30,547, as against £10,082 a year ago, the figures now submitted being for twelve months', as compared with fifteen months' trading in the previous accounts.

Continuing, he said: I am sure you will agree with the board in adopting the conservative policy they have done, and that their recommendations are sound under existing circumstances. We have, I am glad to say, been able to effect some very considerable savings both at Turnmill Street and at Wandsworth, and it is, therefore, satisfactory to know that, as a result, the latter business is, as I said before, now being worked at a profit.

The figures in regard to the business of the company (I mean Booth's) speak for themselves and are eminently satisfactory, and I am glad to say that for the current year they so far show an increase. It is not, I am sure, necessary for me to point out to you how our business is thus expanding, and, as a result, your directors, after very careful deliberation, have decided to issue the new capital, particulars of which you have already received. I have no hesitation in saying that we are unanimous in thinking this step is in every way desirable.

I am sure you are all aware of the enormous duty the Government impose on spirits, and let me remind you that about 80 per cent. of the value of every bottle of whisky or gin which is produced and sold is payable in duty. These figures speak for themselves, and honestly it means that distilleries, such as ours, are really kept running to benefit the credit side of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's Budget, leaving a very small margin of profit for us unless export business happens to be extremely good.

In addition to the foregoing handicap, which we suffer under, we have to pay down on the nail for duty on all our spirits from bond, and, of course, have, on the other hand, to give considerable credit before receiving our money on the sales effected.

So long as the present duty remains in force the Chancellor of the Exchequer is going to encourage the consumption of cheap wines, etc., and other manufactured articles. The present Government is entering upon the last year of its tenure of office, and I venture to suggest that nothing would be more popular in this country than a reduction of the price of whisky and gin and other spirits. I do trust he will give our industry fair and just consideration in his next Budget.

I have no doubt you have all noticed in the papers not long ago the splendid efforts the Distillers' Co., Ltd., made by a stupendous advertising campaign to draw the Chancellor of the Exchequer's notice to our grievances. I need hardly say that their action in the matter has been greatly appreciated by ourselves and other members of the Trade. If the Chancellor of the Exchequer does not give serious consideration to this matter, he will find he is going to kill a home industry which supplies him with a very large revenue, and which would probably provide an equally large and more certain income if the duty on spirit was reduced to a fair and reasonable amount. I do not wish to labour this subject, but again repeat that we have been harshly dealt with, especially considering the enormous contribution we made to the National Exchequer.

That concludes, ladies and gentlemen, all I have to say for the moment, but before sitting down I should like to refer firstly to our managing director, Mr. Bertram. We all congratulate him most sincerely on his very successful efforts during the last 12 months. In him we have a most able and zealous worker; I personally know the amount of time, trouble and labour he has devoted to the company's interests; we are indeed lucky in having the benefit of his services. As to the staff, they have worked marvellously well, and our thanks are due to them.

The report and accounts were adopted, and at a subsequent extraordinary general meeting resolutions were passed increasing the capital to £845,822 by the creation of 325,286 new preferred ordinary shares of £1 each and six new ordinary shares of 13s. each, fixing the rights of the preferred ordinary shares, and providing for the subsequent division and consolidation into £1 shares of the 500,440 ordinary shares in the company of 13s. each, and also providing that on that consolidation having been carried into effect the 325,286 preferred ordinary shares should be offered to the holders of the consolidated ordinary shares at par.

ALLIED NEWSPAPERS, LTD.

INCREASED DIVIDEND

The FOURTH ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of Allied Newspapers, Ltd., was held on June 12 at the Cannon Street Hotel, E.C., Sir William E. Berry, Bart. (the chairman), presiding.

Supporting the Chairman were Sir Gomer Berry, Bart. (deputy chairman), Sir Edward M. Iliffe, C.B.E., M.P., Mr. J. D. Jeremiah, Mr. A. Paterson, Mr. Leonard Rees, Mr. William Will, Mr. R. J. Barrett, Mr. J. Murray Allison, Mr. E. G. F. Tebbutt and Mr. D. Anderson.

The chairman, who was received with applause, said:—Ladies and gentlemen,—Following the usual practice on these occasions, I propose to take the report and balance sheet as read.

Dealing first in a general way with the result of the year's trading, you will have observed that our profits for the year, after making provision for taxation, amount to £686,114, which is roughly some £3,000 in excess of those for 1926. In a way this may be considered disappointing inasmuch as the figures for 1926 covered the period of the general strike. Two facts will serve to correct any feeling of this kind. The first is that our advertising receipts are substantially higher than in any previous year, and the second that the sales of our newspapers are also in excess of previous records. In fact, the journals of Allied Newspapers and its subsidiary companies constitute in themselves a national advertising campaign covering the country from Land's End to John o' Groats. (Applause.) On the other hand, during the past year your board have pursued a policy of solidification which has involved the expenditure of very substantial sums. In other words, believing as we do in the efficacy of advertising, we have taken liberal doses of our own medicine. We have thought it wise to consolidate the positions of our journals not only by expending large sums of money on advertising them, but also by giving better value and better service to our readers. I propose in a later portion of my speech to refer in detail to some of our publications, but I cannot better demonstrate the wisdom of this policy than by referring to the fact that we were able in April last to publish a certificate of the net sales of the "Daily Dispatch" showing an average over six months of 424,688 copies a day. To-day the sales are in excess of 450,000 copies a day. (Applause.) This is a larger sale than the "Daily Dispatch" has ever enjoyed before in the whole of the twenty-eight years of its existence.

Although the amount opposite the word "Investments" is only £42,452, it is quite an interesting item. As you will see, it includes our holding of one million Ordinary shares in the Allied Northern Newspapers and our holding of the major portion of the million Ordinary shares in the Edward Lloyd Investment Co. The latter is a newcomer, to which I will make fuller reference presently. I need say no more about this item of investments, except to give you the quite unnecessary assurance that they are by no means overvalued in the balance sheet. (Laughter.)

Returning now to the directors' report, you will see the manner in which we recommend the profits of the year should be allocated. After adding the amount brought forward, deducting the Debenture interest, the Preference dividends and the interim dividend on the Ordinary shares, there remains the sum of £360,510. Out of this sum it is proposed to place £110,000 to general reserve, to pay a final dividend of 8 per cent., making 14 per cent., less tax, for the year, and to carry forward £122,510, against £116,106 brought in. The distribution to the Ordinary shareholders is on a slightly more liberal scale this year, being 14 per cent., against 12. After allowing for Debenture interest and the dividend on the Preference shares, the sum remaining out of the year's profits is £340,404, or over 21 per cent. (before deducting tax) on our Ordinary capital. That is the result of our trading in the parent company alone.

As the directors' report indicates, no profits have been brought in from Allied Northern or from the Edward Lloyd Investment Company. The latter, of course, has not yet completed the first year of its existence, so that a dividend is not due. Allied Northern, on the other hand, formed in June, 1926, has nearly completed its third year of trading. That company has justified its creation right from the beginning, and the figures of surplus profit after providing for the interest on the Debentures, have been and continue to be very satisfactory.

I told you last year that in order still further to consolidate its position, the directors of Allied Northern, acting with the consent of this company, had taken the opportunity of acquiring other newspaper interests, and had applied the surplus profits in the payment, or part-payment, of those new interests. We have continued in this policy since our last report. As you are aware, we have pursued in the Allied Northern Company a progressive policy of expansion, and you can rest assured that should further opportunities offer themselves we shall not be backward in tackling them.

The second observation is intended to give you some idea of the value of this subsidiary, and is to the effect that your directors have declined an offer of £2 per share for the million shares held by this company in Allied Northern Newspapers, Ltd. (Applause.)

Every point of interest to the shareholders in connexion with the year under review was fully dealt with by the Chairman and the report and accounts were adopted and carried unanimously.

VALUABLE BOOKS FOR SALE

Guy De Maupassant's Works translated into English. 10 vols. £3
 Blake's Works. Edited by Ellis and Yeats. 3 vols. 1893. £25
 Owen & Blakeway. History of Shrewsbury, 1825. 2 vols.
 quarto. Fine copy. £4 15s.
 Ormerod's History of Cheshire. 3 vols. Folio, fine copy. 1882.
 £5 5s.
 Milne (A. A.). Winnie the Pooh. L.P. Signed copy. As
 new. 1926. £5 5s.
 Farnell's Cults of the Greek States. 5 vols. £3 3s.
 Defoe's Works. 14 vols. Just issued. £5 5s.
 Shaw (G. B.). Saint Joan. Illustrated by Ricketts. L.P.
 As new. £5 5s.
 Milne Gallery of Children. L.P. £3 3s.
 Thackeray's Works. Illus. Lib. Ed. 22 vols. 1867. £12 10s.
 Lucian translated by Hicks. Illustrated. Golden Cockerel
 Press. £3 3s.
 Arthur Machen's Works. 9 vols. £5 5s.
 Beaumont Press: De La Mare, The Sunken Garden 21s., The
 Tale of Igor 21s., Drinkwater Tides 21s., Davies Raptures
 21s., Le Petit Chaperon Rouge 21s., Goldini Good-Humoured
 Ladies 21s., very limited issues.

BOOKS WANTED

Kipling Jungle Books. 1st Edits. 2 vols. 1894-95.
 Darwin's Origin of Species, 1859.
 Woman in White. 3 vols. 1890.
 De Quincey's Opium Eater. 1822.
 Sir Ralph Esher. 3 vols. 1830.

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 6 Illustrations, Maps and Plans, 4/- - FRENCH AND ITALIAN
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 2/- - Illustrations, Maps - 2/-
 2/- - ZURICH AND
 THE ENGADINE
 LAKE OF GENEVA, RHONE
 VALLEY, AND ZERMATT 2/-
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Appeal

S T. MARY, EDMONTON.—Please help this very poor
 parish of 8,000 people by sending cast-off clothing, boots,
 or "rummage" of any kind to the Mission Sister, St.
 Mary's Vicarage, Edmonton, N.

Miscellaneous

A REVELATION to LOVERS of real Turkish Tobacco.
 "BIZIM" Cigarettes. Only 6s. per 100 (postage 3d. extra),
 plain or cork-tipped. Send P.O. to Manufacturers, J. J.
 Freeman & Co., Ltd., 90 PICCADILLY, W.1.

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LIGHT OPERA IN ENGLISHA TRIPLE BILL By Vaughan-Williams, De Falla and Schubert
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A New Comedy by John Drinkwater

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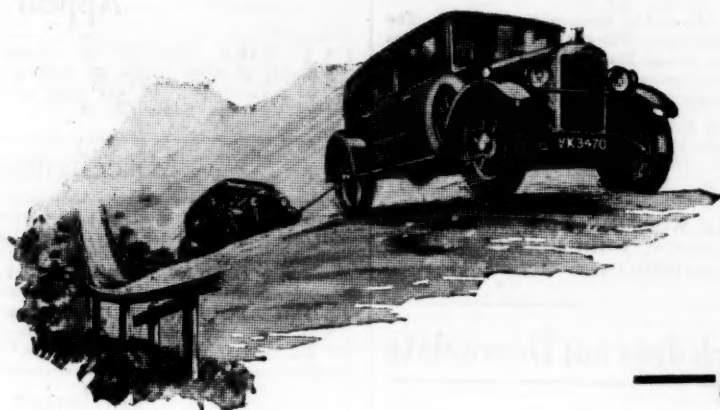
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